

May 1
1931

Life



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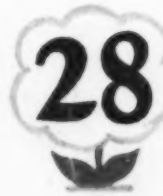
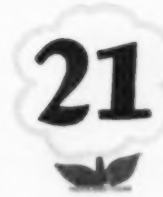
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MR. COOPER



A Dashing New Ford Roadster

THE words *de luxe* are a fitting description of the beautiful new Ford De Luxe Roadster. In lines, colors and appointments it reflects the latest mode in a dashing sport car.

The swagger top has natural wood bows and can be raised or lowered easily and quickly. The wide seat is upholstered in genuine Bedouin grain leather with narrow piping. The new sloping windshield folds flat and is made of Triplex shatter-proof glass, as are

the windshield wings. A comfortable rumble seat is provided as standard equipment. Many exterior metal parts are made of bright, gleaming Rustless Steel. Fender-well is furnished at slight additional cost.

The new Ford De Luxe Roadster is available in a variety of body colors, with an additional harmonizing color for the steel-spoke wheels. You may purchase it on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.





"Why haven't you read my book yet?"

SINBAD

Have you ever seen a dog lover with his 'best pal'?

Of course you have, and often have you envied and craved this mutual admiration and love. It was meant to be yours in the general arrangement of things.

But if you happen to live where you just cannot have your dog with you, (we'll bet he's a sort of 'mutt,' too!) be satisfied with the next best thing that can take his place,—the best thing in LIFE—Sinbad.

He's a homely, but oh such a human little fellow,—just like your little Patch, Spot, or Snip. Why don't you laugh at and with Sinbad and weep tears of pathos over those little tragedies when he is always trying to be helpful and do the right thing, yet invariably 'puts his paw into it'?

Sinbad, Love and Laughter are synonymous, and cheap at \$2.50, even in these times.

Sinbad in book form, is already in his second edition; get your order in before the supply is exhausted. Address

LIFE

62 East 42nd Street, New York

The Unfaithful Garter

THE brisk walk down the Avenue. The warm sunshine. The bracing air. The satisfaction with life. The peace with the world. The care-free humming of a gay tune.

The rude awakening to the fact that your garter is slipping. The mental anguish. The suspense. The realization that the garter is slowly but surely continuing its downward course. The horror of stooping over to pull up the garter in the midst of all the crowd. The attempt to stay the garter in its flight by power of will and by walking stiff-legged. The ineffectiveness of these measures. The continued decline of the garter.

THE suspicion that the garter has just about passed the bulge of your calf, from which it will drop unimpeded to your shoe top. The realization that something must be done, and quickly. The reluctant decision to meet the issue. The attempt to bend quickly and snatch the garter back without interrupting your stride. The failure to get a fair hold on the garter through your trouser leg. The second attempt. The partial success. The third attempt. The suspicion that you heard a snicker behind you. The realization that your sudden movement only jarred the garter down farther than ever.

THE pause in front of a store window, to regain your poise and to plan a better course of action. The decision to pull the garter up while standing there. The raising of one leg, as you poise yourself on the other. The careful hauling away at the garter with both hands. The verge of success. The sudden bump from a passerby. The near-fall of yourself. The complete fall of your garter. —John C. Emery.



FORMER WAITER: *One hash!*



There's not another thrill like it ...

.a Dude Ranch

Surrounded by painted hills. A pony of your own. —Days and nights of health-giving fun.

THERE ARE RANCHES AND RATES FOR EVERY BILL-FOLD

Santa Fe Vacation Tickets Cut the Cost to the Far West

Santa Fe Pullmans right to the rim of Grand Canyon.

Indian-detours—by motor, off-the-beaten-path, escorted by courier.

California where dreams come true.

Colorado Rockies and the National Parks.



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W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
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Am interested in booklets checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ Dude Ranches
☐ The Indian-detours ☐ Colorado Summer
☐ Grand Canyon Outings ☐ All-expense Tours

DOWN to the sea

WHERE the wind blows free. Breathe deep the clean fresh air. Relax in the friendly hospitality and comfort of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. The children can amuse themselves in Sandy Cove . . . their very own playroom. You can snooze in the sun, or indulge in your favorite amusements, content in the knowledge of their contentment, for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is as delightful to children as it is to grown-ups. Send the whole family down to the sea for a healthy and zealous vacation. Write for further information.

American and European Plans

**CHALFONTE-
HADDON HALL**
ATLANTIC CITY
LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY



Mr. Lenz himself would agree that you can't play good bridge with your mind on hurt teeth. WRIGLEY'S, as a habit, will keep your teeth and gums healthy and your digestion good — and you'll have only one kind of bridge work to think of — the Lenz kind.

INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING

1-208 **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT** THE PERFECT GUM

Battling William Jones vs. Baffling Willie Jones Jr.

BY GEORGE KENT

RADIO ANNOUNCER: . . . reporting the struggle tonight between Battling William Jones versus his son, Baffling Willie Jones Jr. William is a last-minute substitute for Mrs. (mama) Jones, detained at a backgammon party . . . Ah, here is Willie now, a fine tow headed boy, eight years old if he is a day. Face and hands are dirty, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. He has just come in from play and looks it. He seems to be in excellent condition. . . . Now William Jones steps into the ring. He is a tired man. Looks as if he has had a hard day at the office. Nervous, I'll bet. The gallery gives him a big hand. That's the bell now. . . .

ROUND ONE

Dad leads with straight right. "What dirty hands, Willie!" He is determined to be a careful father. But Willie counters with, "Gee dad, I was playing with the fellows." Willie senses the inexperience of his opponent. But Senior comes with a sharp one-two one, "Willie, wash your hands." And follows it with "At once," as Willie teeters under the blow. Willie backs across the ring. "Can't a fella have any peace in his own home?" "Willie!" jabs his father. It is dad's round. There's the bell. And ladies and gentlemen this is station WEZE. Percival Pansyberg is announcing.

ROUND TWO

Willie bounces back to the dinner table, hands half washed. Leads a damp, half-washed paw across the table. "Why didn't you wash your hands thoroughly?" hooks father, wearily considering sending his opponent back for another attempt. Willie parries with a clever silence during which he stuffs a slice of bread into his mouth. William Jones looks on disapprovingly and they go into a clinch. Willie gets in a kidney punch by upsetting the soup. The bell. It's Willie's round. I think it's going to be a good fight. The lads are evenly matched.

ROUND THREE

Old man Jones batters Willie across the ring. "Willie, eat your spinach. Willie, don't make so much noise. Willie, is that the way to hold a fork? Willie, stop playing with the cat when you are eating." Willie, ducking, dodging, countering, halts, and they slug. He nibbles at the spinach and leaves all of it. He plays with cat. He throws breadpill, nipping maid in nape of neck. Rallying, he reaches for water pitcher, smearing sleeve in cake icing and while dad explodes, starts licking cream off sleeve. The round ends with Battling Jones hanging to the ropes. Again, it is Baffling Willie's round. Let me remind you that the ropes of this ring are neither better nor worse than El Fumo cigars.

ROUND FOUR

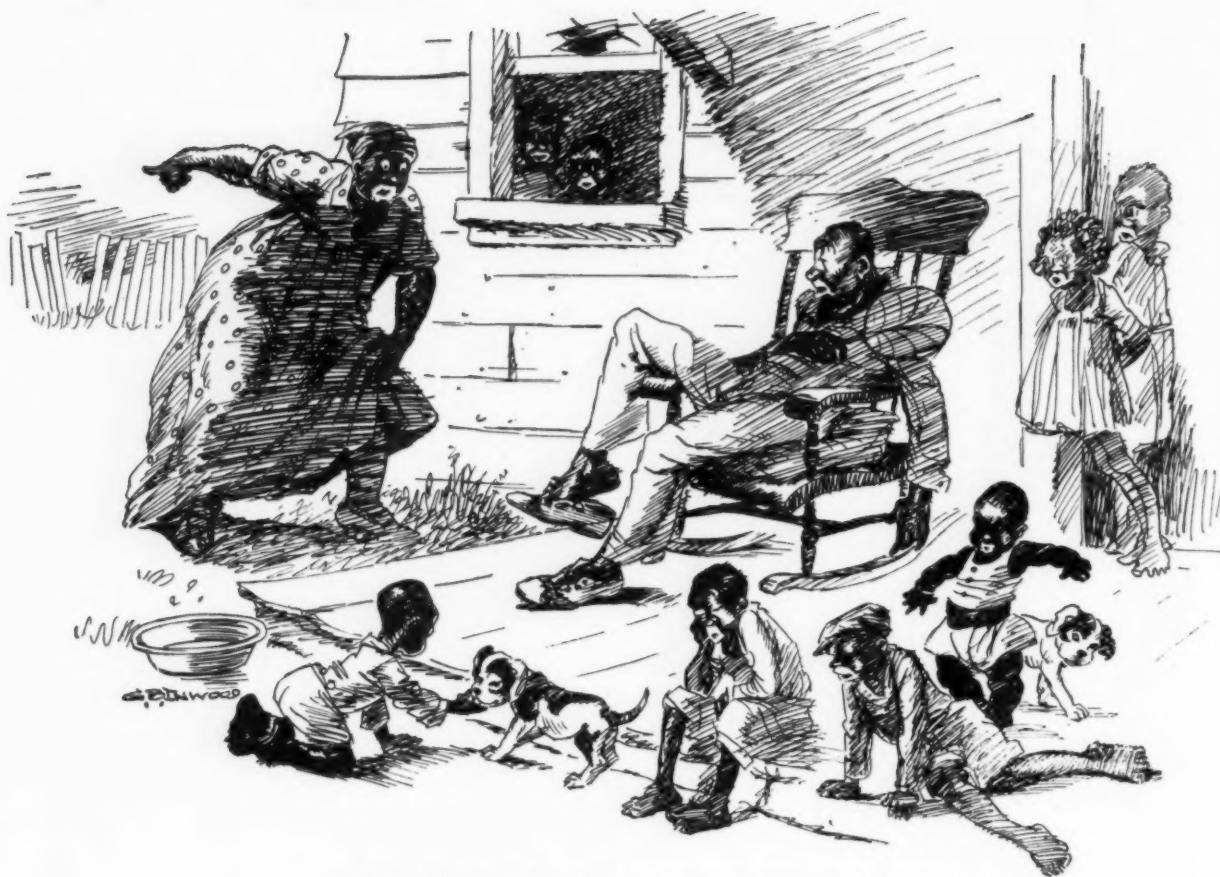
There is still a lot left in the battler. Battling Jones comes back strong, seizes Willie by the ear, takes him to his room and is in the act of trouncing him vigorously with left and right when Mama Jones flies in. Mother eliminates dad with elbow, kisses, comforts Willie. Turns and sends sizzling reprimand uppercut to dad's chin. The referee counts ten. He could count twenty if he wanted to. Battling Jones is out. This is Percival Pansyberg at the microphone. . . .

The winner magnanimously trots over and kisses cheek of loser. Loser pats winner affectionately. Loser lifts winner on knee and proceeds to tell him in great detail how a lion hunt should be conducted. . . .

Life



*"Spring in the world,
And all things are made new."
—Richard Hovey*



"Sam, Ah jes' seen a alligator eatin' our younges' chile!"
 "Umm-uh! Sho' nuff? You know, Ah thought sump'n
 been gittin' our chillun!"

SPEAKEASIES FOR BANKS

THE modern big bank which does practically everything for you except marcel your hair and massage your abdomen has completely overlooked one obligation to its patrons.

It should have, as an adjunct to its travelers' check department—a saloon, bar, grog-shop, or speakeasy.

Otherwise its customers will have a hard time getting their travelers' checks cashed in Europe, and I will explain.

How does a bank expect a customer's signature, signed in America by the customer while cold sober, to resemble in any way his signature signed by the American in Europe under European conditions? The whole travelers' check system is based upon a man's ability to match his own signature—and what I want to know is, how a bank can expect its customers to do this if the "control" (as we scientists say) is varied? By control, I mean, in this case, the customer's alcoholic content.

It is too much to ask a customer to sober up in Europe every time he wants to cash a travelers' check. A traveler sometimes needs funds a whole lot faster than that, and inebriation and need of funds usually go hand in hand; arm in arm, in fact. Drinking and check cashing are invariably concomitant phenomena.

And prudent, experienced travelers, at the risk of impairing their credit, make a practice of getting three sheets in the wind before buying travelers' checks at their bank. But the banks should face the issue and straightforwardly shoulder the responsibility of getting their travelers' check customers lit before handing them a pen and asking them to "sign here". That's my opinion, at any rate.

* * *

I went so far as to make this suggestion directly to the manager of my bank two weeks ago and he promised

to bring the matter up at their directors' meeting on the following Tuesday.

He told me yesterday what happened.

The boys had wondered just how much difference there is between a man's signature in America and in Europe, and had sent out for experimental consignments from their private stocks and had sat around their directors' room signing their names until two o'clock in the morning.

And then concluded that it would be undignified for a bank to open a bar, and had compromised on a Flemish Oak "Flash Room" where customers could use their own judgment.

That would be the banker way of solving such a problem.

As for me, I'll transfer my account and my travelers' check business to the first bank with enterprise enough to hang out a sign "Bank and Saloon".

—DON HEROLD

ONE IN EVERY ROOM

MR. WILKS looked about him. Not a bad room for a hotel in a small town. That door by the bed led to the bath. He filled the tub and was stepping into it when he heard a sweet girlish voice.

"Oh-o-o! Don't!" it said.

With a wild leap across the tiled floor Wilks slammed the door shut.

"You'll catch cold!" scolded the sweet voice from his room.

"Go away!" shouted Wilks through the keyhole. "Get out!"

"Oh-o-o! I see! You have purchased a Popocatepetl hair drier."

Wilks smiled. He recalled a sign in the lobby: Radio In Every Room.

"Oh-o-o! You can't catch cold with a Popocatepetl," continued the sweet voice. "I use the Popocatepetl myself."

"You do?" said Wilks. He slipped on a robe and boldly opened the bathroom door. "Can you spell it?"

Across the room was a square mahogany board in the centre of which was a single dial. The radio was built inside the wall to save space.

"And now the Popocatepetl Hot Shots will play for you," said the sweet voice. "Are you ready, folks?"

"I certainly am," Wilks spun the dial.

The radio was silent. He smiled at it in triumph. Suddenly the Hot Shots orchestra roared through the room.

"Hush!" said Wilks. "How do you turn off this thing?" He twirled the dial right and left. "Shut up!" The Hot Shots continued.

THE telephone was trying to make itself heard above the din. Wilks went to it. "Is that loud radio in your room?" asked the hotel manager.

"I'm trying my best to make it hush," said Wilks.

Returning to the set he gave the dial a vicious twist. It came off in his hand. The Hot Shots continued. He shoved the end of a coat hanger through the hole left by the dial and smashed a bulb. The music stopped.

"That's that," he said. "Now for the bath."

"Oh-o-o! Don't!" advised the sweet voice.

Wilks groaned. "All right," he said. "I won't."

"Don't ever wash your hair unless you have a Popocatepetl drier. You'll catch cold. Our next selection will be

"Two Times Two." "

"Fore!" cried Wilks. He seized a floor lamp and brandishing it rushed at the radio as the Hot Shots began. The ringing telephone stopped him.

"Mr. Wilks," said the manager on the wire, "if that loud radio is in your room you simply must do something."

"I've got its mouth open," said Wilks, "and I'm going to give it a couple of aspirins. Is there a doctor in the house?"

"I can't hear for . . ."

WILKS hung up. He sat staring dumbly at the radio. The Hot Shots were putting the final flourishes on "Two Times Two." Wilks saw a slender wire making its way from the

radio to a wall socket. He disconnected it and stepped back. The Hot Shots had stopped.

"Now!" said Wilks. "One word out of you and I'll . . ."

"Oh-o-o! Don't!" said the sweet voice.

WILKS lost his head. He rushed at the radio and began pounding it with his doubled fists.

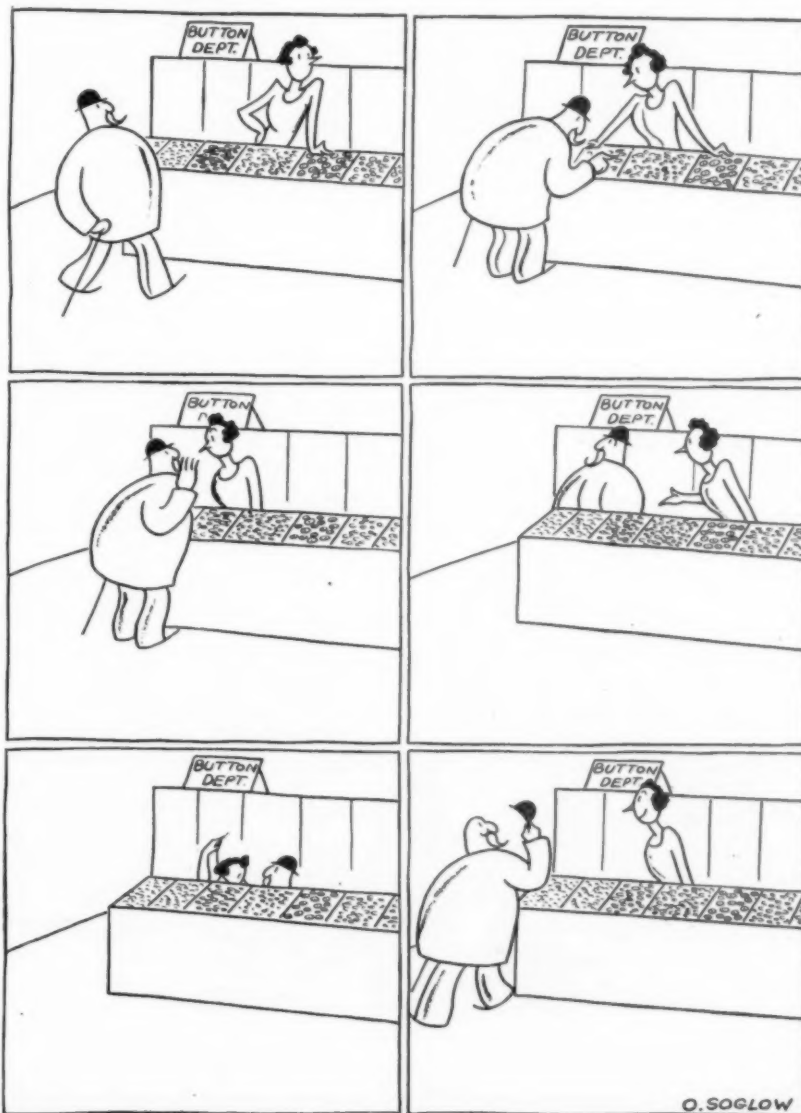
"Oh-o-o! You . . ."

The voice was chopped off abruptly. Someone in the adjoining room was knocking on the wall.

"All right," called Wilks. "What do you want?"

"I say," said a man's voice, coming through the thin partition clearly, "has my radio been disturbing you?"

—Tom Sims.



STATISTICS

Being an accurate list of the contents of one subway car, as observed with great fidelity by the writer.

One young lady rapidly whirling the pages of a tabloid. Hitched to her wrist is a short umbrella with which she stabs the man sitting next to her.

One harassed man being stabbed with a short umbrella. Whenever he moves his knees out of range they collide with those of an overnourished lady sitting next to him.

One overnourished lady, glaring at a man whose knees collide with hers. She gives the impression of being related somehow to a lion about to spring and a dirigible down for repairs. She is sitting on the coat of the man on the other side of her.

One small man trying vainly to pull his coat from under the—well, from beneath an overnourished lady and looking pathetically like a little animal caught in a trap. Bracing his feet on the smooth cement floor he slips at intervals and kicks the ankles of the man next to him.

One mean looking man reading a newspaper and retaliating with his elbows in all directions for having his ankles kicked. The elbows are of chilled steel and work on double-jointed arms which can be extended at will



"Gosh, I'm numb!"

about five feet from the body. Every time he jabs he leaves a dent in the young lady next to him.

One young lady trying to take a nap. She resents being jabbed in the ribs but all she does about it is move the circles under her eyes in a rather plaintive fashion.

Forty-six other interesting examples of evolution.

One human being. Guess who.

Ordeal by Radio

And the nights shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall seem like joys after hearing
The stuff that our neighbors play.

Tell Them to the Judge

The secret of a lot of happy marriages is a lot of secrets.

Spring Cleaning

The new mayor of Chicago plans to drive the crooks and racketeers from the city. He should wait until there is money enough in the treasury to pay the police and city officials.

Sweet and Low

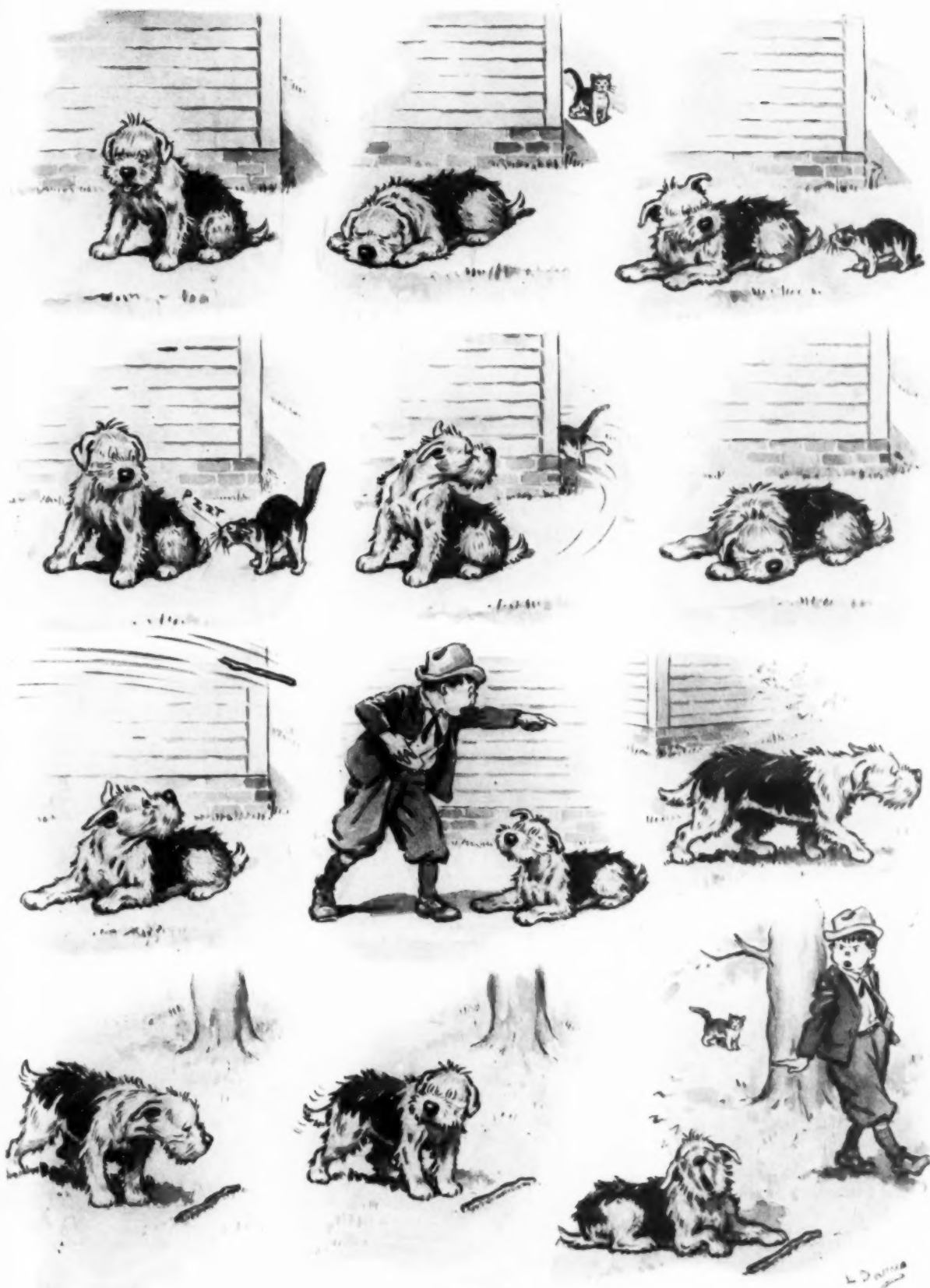
Then we have the happy diver who used to sink at his work.

Chicken Feed

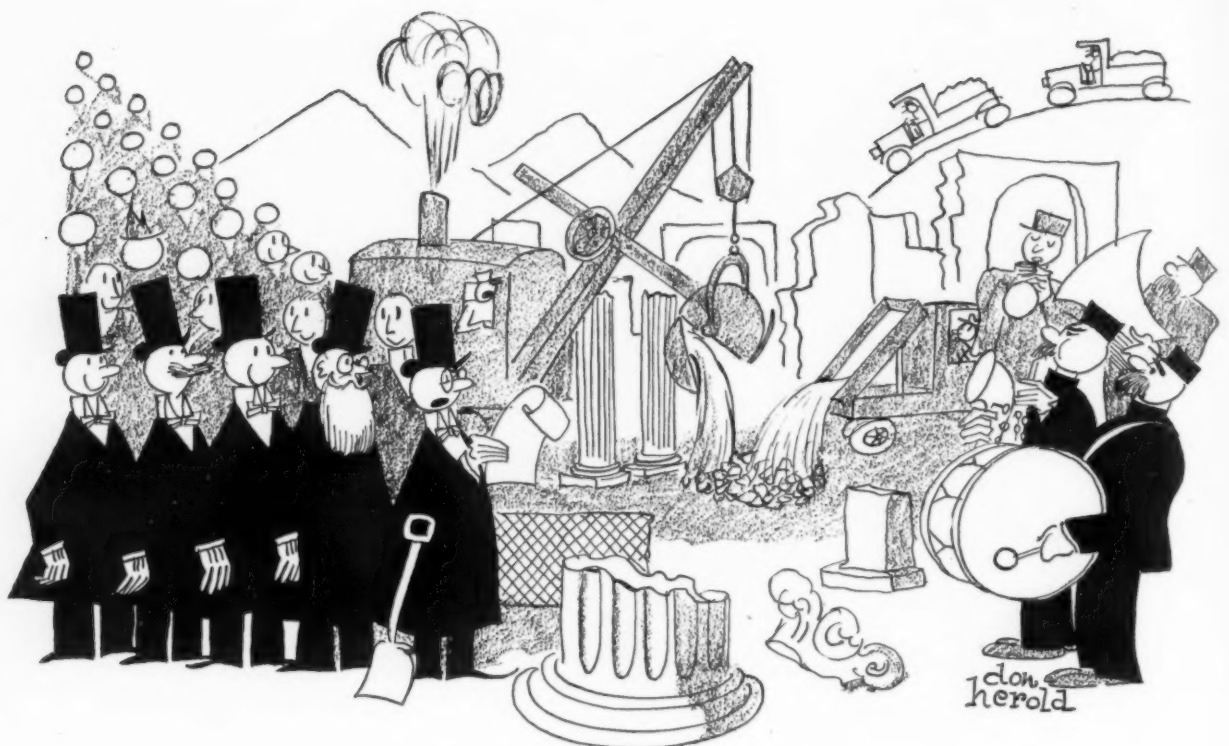
"Home gardens are popular as a result of the financial depression," says a news item. We hear of one needy neighbor whose lettuce and onion patch has already produced two chickens.



"Is that you out there, Roger?"
"No."



SINBAD.
Spring Fever.



GREAT EVENTS IN FUTURE HISTORY.
Tired Tourists of the World Celebrate Start of Reburial of Pompeii

Harsh Words

I heartily dislike all conversations beginning with:

"Stop me if you've heard this . . ."

"Did you see what Winchell said . . ."

"Tell me about your sex life, Mr. Graham . . ."

"Try this and tell me how you like it . . ."

"I was stymied on the seventh . . ."

"What do you know . . ."

"I read an interesting book the other day . . ."

"Boy, was I drunk last night! . . ."

"I am a believer in the existence of platonic relationships . . ."

"And I thought we were going to be just friends!"

"The futility of all argument prompts me . . ."

In fact, I dislike all conversation.

—ed. graham.

Workmen excavating an Aztec village in Mexico have unearthed several potatoes. They are believed to have been baked by an ancient race, because they are quite cold.

Five men who beat a prohibition agent in Pittsburgh claim they did so because he drew a gun. Even prohibition agents must await their turn at the bar.

A Missouri boy of 16 who confessed to two murders and over a hundred hold-ups has been called a one man crime wave. In Chicago he undoubtedly would be called an infant prodigy.

If television ever becomes practical, it's going to be funny to walk into a night-club that looks like an office.

Will Rogers is helping with the relief work in Managua, Nicaragua, while awaiting the annual spring floods in the Mississippi Valley.

Six Alaskan mountain sheep have been added to the Hearst's California ranch. We understand none are former employees.



"That office boy lied about his age!"

MOTOR METER

By BERTON BRALEY

Oh warble of Horses
That gallop afar,
I carol the forces
That live in a car,
The rhythmical purring
Of sixes or fours
Which carry you whirling
All over outdoors!

You thrill to the plunging
Of hoofs on the grass
But I sing the lunging
Swift magic of Gas,
The thrumming that urges
The whizzing machine
The power that surges
In Eight or Sixteen.

Sing Hunting Horns tuning
In pasture and wood!
But I love the crooning
Down under the hood;
The synchronized, muted
Exuberant song
Of might undisputed
That swirls us along!

A Horse is a "Being"
That's Living and Real?
A motor's unseeing
Insensitive steel?
Oh, mount you behind it
Climb in there and drive
I'll warrant you'll find it
Superbly alive!

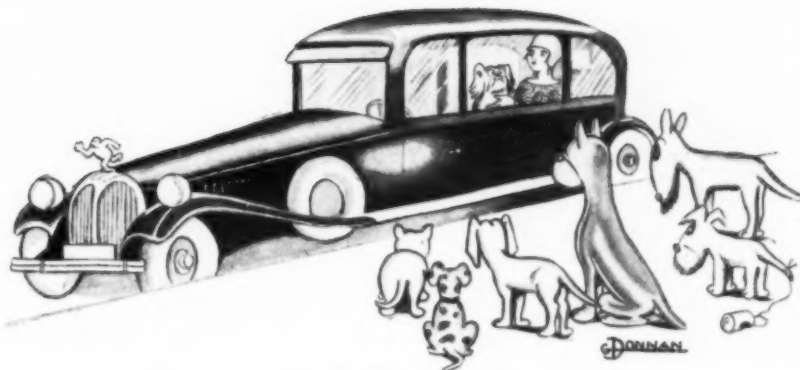
So sing of the graces
Of charger or cob,
But I hymn the paces
Of motors that throb,
The lyrical lashing
Of power that soars,
And carries us flashing
All over outdoors!

The New Calling

It's getting so our colleges are turning out successful young men faster than we can tune in on them.

The Plots Sicken

The worst part of all this vice-framing exposé is to think of all the terrible movie plots it's going to furnish for the next year or two.



Clever, these Chinese!

A Nebraska University is refusing to give diplomas to students who drink. At last a really efficient step has been taken to curb the number of college graduates.

In a recent test broadcast the sound of a pin dropped before a WEA microphoned was heard in California. New Yorkers will look forward now to hearing a California rain drop.



"What legal ways are there for me to give vent to a fierce indignation against the existing order of things?"



Life Looks About

Another Idle King

ADD one to the number of the unemployed! The King of Spain has abdicated!

His retirement, following the defeat of Big Bill Thompson in Chicago, may well shake the confidence of Mayor Walker in the political *status quo*, and help him to feel that the society and fellowship of the Outs is getting to be more distinguished and attractive than that of the *Ins*.

Like the Mayor, King Alfonso is a good dresser, and has been the most engaging picture of royalty in Europe. Like the Mayor, too, the ex-King could easily land a profitable engagement at Hollywood if he wanted it, but his private means are probably ample for his maintenance in a simple manner. He can probably qualify, if he cares to, for residence in the United States, but presumably he has had advertisement enough, and will prefer England to Long Island.

When the headliners call his abdication "The End of Spanish Monarchy" they go much too fast. He may be back on the job in a month or two. Kings nowadays are often useful and seldom dangerous.

Europe ought to set up a Reno for swift and painless divorce of countries from their rulers.

AT least four notable men have died recently of whom it has been felt that they went much before their time—Joseph Cotton, Under Secretary of State, at 55; Arnold Bennett, English writer, at 64; Knute Rockne, football coach, at 43, and Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives, at 61. Arnold Bennett, to be sure, had done a lot of work and if he had lived ten or fifteen years longer the result of his labors might have been simply more of the same,

but even that cannot be said of Mr. Cotton, Mr. Rockne or Mr. Longworth.

Man cannot by taking thought add cubits to his stature nor determine his stay on the terrestrial plane, but something is accomplished by recognition that the later years of life may not only be agreeable but useful. The echo of Dr. Osler's humorous remarks on that subject has had some effect to disparage the later years of life, but those years are worth living if it happens so, and have duties and services proper to them.

Hindenburg is pretty old, but still of an impressive value to Germany.

STRANGE as it may seem there are people in the United States whose first knowledge of the existence of Knute Rockne came with the news that he was killed by a fall in an airplane. There are still people living in these States who have no better than a feeble interest in football and no particular concern about football coaches. To be a football coach is well enough: Lorin Deland was always interesting as a football strategist. People whose eyes caught newspaper headlines last fall noticed that Notre Dame seemed to be playing strong football. Then they wondered whether Notre Dame was the name of a college or of a city where there was a college, and if their curiosity carried them far enough they discovered that Notre Dame was a Catholic university located in South Bend, Ind., and that Knute Rockne was its football coach.

Now a football coach is of no vital importance one way or the other—one good one goes; another good one comes. So far as football is concerned, nothing vital is lost to human knowledge when a good coach disappears, even though he is caught away prematurely. But this Rockne seems to have been only incidentally a coach; the extraordinary demonstration of concern about him and regret for him has been based on his qualities as a man—for they seem to have been very remarkable.

Football is a game that runs naturally enough in the direction of brutality. Rockne's coaching seems not to

have been in that direction—it was not brutal, it was psychological. He was able to inspire his players. By intelligence he seems to have become a master of football, but still the quality that started such a wail of regret at his death and maintained it so long was a psychological quality. The man had sweetness and light in him—remarkable mastery over men. He reminds one of Lawrence of Arabia or Chinese Gordon. There must be a very good book in him if some sufficiently competent hand can be found to write it.

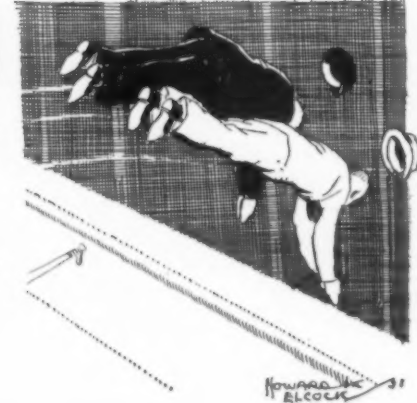
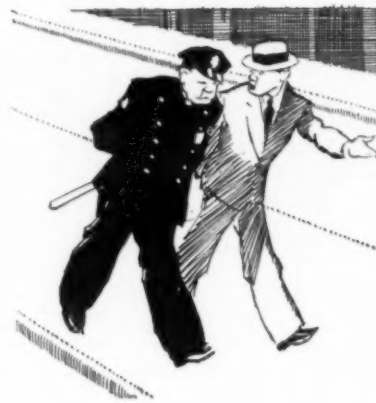
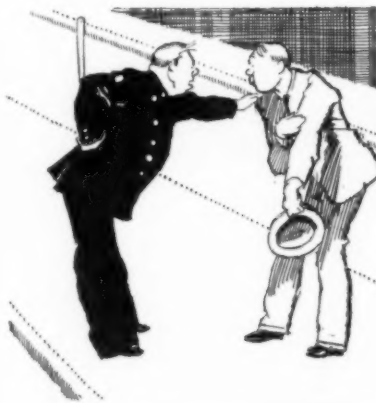
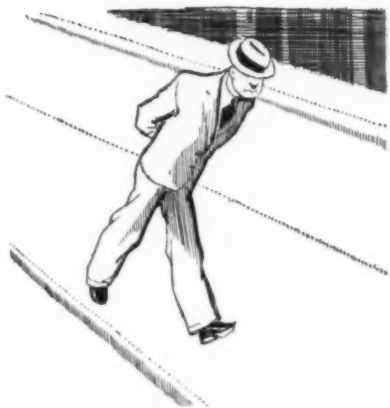
Population Problems

THE German Housewives Association is out for increase of the birth rate. They give out the news that unless every German family raises its average of children from two to four, the German race will die out in three hundred years. They find four children to a family "absolutely necessary to maintain Germany's level of population."

Four to a family! That is quite reasonable. It is about what Col. Roosevelt used to preach. Four children are certainly not too many for couples who want them, and five or six are within the limit of reasonable aspiration, but probably the German population will not get ahead any as the result of advertisement to increase maternity aspirations in possible mothers.

The birth rate is a much more subtle matter than you might suppose from the way people discuss it. It seems to depend not upon exhortation, very little upon birth control information, but very much upon the scale on which people live and the degree of intelligence that they reach. Tendency to small families tends to develop among the well-to-do. There are statistics about that and facts about the propensity of families of more than normal intelligence to run out. The probability is that the cries of one lot of people for birth control information and the cries of another lot for more births to save the race, are all futile, and the whole matter is regulated by checks and balances that are out of sight.

—E. S. Martin.



The super-salesman ends it all.

HOWARD BLOCK

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

APRIL 10.—Awake betimes at the Hotel Brevoort, my favorite inn, where I have come for a brief respite from domestic responsibility and the machinery of life, for Lord! I am tired of having window cleaners storm my bedroom at eight in the morning and of being asked whether we shall have steak or roast beef for dinner, and it is delightful to be in a place where the Hollandaise sauce is both plentiful and impeccable, even though I am likely to die of overeating it. My new handmaiden, Betty, is with me, and her service and personality are so gracious and gentle that I am reconvinced that Hungarians have ninety per cent of all the charm to be found on the Continent. And she does tell me the most astonishing tale of hearing last night for the first time since 1914 from her two younger sisters and her brother, who were lost on the train when the family was fleeing from bombardment, and the tragedy of her story does make me ashamed of caviling at an overdone duck or a tiresome dramatic production. Marge Boothby down for luncheon, announcing that her mind was set on Emincé Bernard and potatoes bataille, which did sound like a shocking meal to me for the middle of the day, but I did act the perfect hostess and order her a longshoreman's repast, even urging upon her a dessert for which I was obliged to lay out a dollar and twenty cents, but it is a pleasure to me to see Marge being a complete Hedonist at the table, since most of the time she is the unwilling slave of some cult or regimen which allows her but one stringbean or a mangy piece of trick bread. Lord! I had liefer weigh two hundred pounds and have my face look like a road map than undergo the hardships which most women accept as their natural portion in life, and when I announce that I have had the same jar of cold cream for ten years, which is gospel truth, my friends look at me as though I were daft, albeit I should be willing to leave it to any jury whether or not my skin is better than theirs.

APRIL 11.—The telephone a-ringing early, and it was Lydia Loomis wanting to know if I had heard that Saturn, the evil planet which is making life such bad news for so many of us,

was to be completely out of the heavens by July, when we can look for a general improvement in all conditions, and I told her that I had not, but that if she would come down at once and bring me some single mesh light brown hair nets, I should esteem her more highly than whoever it was who took the glad tidings from Ghent to Aix, so she said she would, but added that the tone of my conversation almost inspired her to stop by for Dr. Foster Kennedy and bring him along, but I persuaded her to leave the medicos out of it, being now so heavily indebted to a number of them that I am thinking seriously of buying a fiddle and doing a solo on a busy street during the rush hour. In the late afternoon to St. Bartholomew's to see Wiz Crews married to Hugh Breckenridge, and then on to the Madison,

where there was a great gathering to dance and make merry, and talked with Mr. Page, the barrister, who spoke of my father, and with Julian Mason, the great editor, who thinks he is the only person in New York besides myself who has ever been in Mount Vernon, Illinois, where I was born, and I did tell him how I had failed to identify him in the throng at Brose Clark's luncheon after the Meadowbrook Cup steeplechase, and how his face had haunted me for days, so that I was at some pains to sleep at night, and how I had thought of his name in the watches of the night with a relief matching that of someone who comes suddenly into a legacy. Then home, finding lobster and asparagus for dinner without expecting them, and very grateful to Samuel for doing me so handsomely upon my return, and so, after reading some in a book called "Gin and Bitters," very weary, to bed.



"The driver of the first wagon still owes me two bits from the last game."

S. O. S.—P. D. Q.

Moscow, according to rumor, had conceived a vicious plan. The Soviet who had taken the place of our beloved Tzar, had formulated the dreadful N. E. P., placed it in the hands of the C. B. S. C. B., set the G. P. U. on the trail and was going to make us poor peasants S. O. L.

Under the old system I owned several hundred acres of the finest lands in all Russia. Now they were to be taken from me.

Vladimir Massievonovich, my neighbor, brought me the news. He drove by my house in his ox-team and called me to the door.

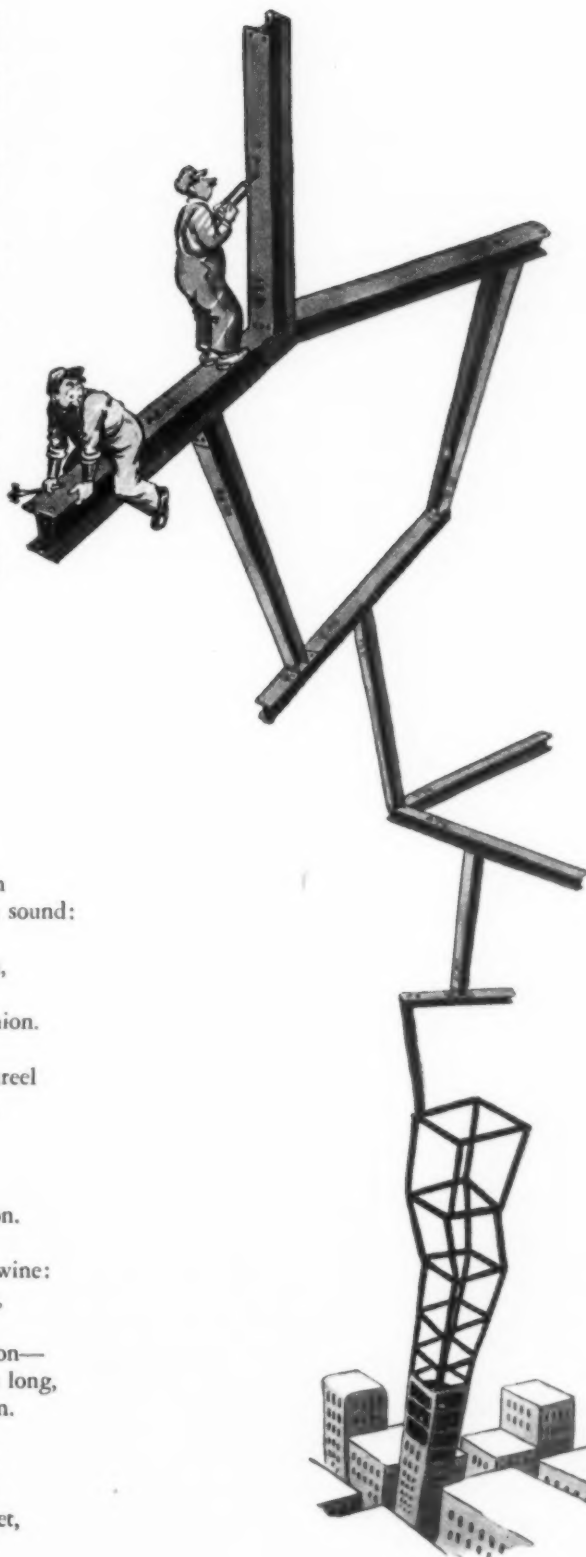
"Hello, Kotieoffsky!" he shouted. I came running.

"Good morning, neighbor!" I greeted him. "What news from Moscow?"

"Bad enough!" he replied shaking his head. Then he explained the Collectivization scheme, and my eyes filled with tears. He followed my gaze, as it roamed over my broad farm.

"The Commissar will be here almost any day, friend," said Vladimir, sympathetically. "You'd better watch your steppe!"

Dana L. Cotie.



CINEMA

(With apologies to Ernest Dowson)

Last night, ah, yesternight, upon the silver screen

There fell thy shadow, Cinema! complete with sound:

The dullest talking picture I had ever seen;

And I was desolate and sick of its cheap passion,

Yea, I was desolate, but kept my ground:

I have been faithful to thee, Cinema, in my fashion.

All night (or so it seemed) I watched the tale unreel

Of two anemic brats for whom I did not care,

Faking a puppy-love they did not seem to feel,

And I was desolate and sick of movie passion

When I awoke and found the theater bare:

I have been faithful to thee, Cinema, in my fashion.

They cried for madder music and for a stronger wine:

Flung roses, orchids, riotously with the throng,

Dressed in a style that is not yours or mine;

And I was desolate and bored with all their passion—

Yea, bored to death; but though the show was long,

I have been faithful to thee, Cinema, in my fashion.

But faithfulness is hard, when on the silver-sheet

Such guff as this is shown: an adolescent clown

Pretending love for some blonde cutie sickish-sweet,

So I am desolate, and quite fed up with passion;

And the next Cinema that comes to town

Will find me faithless to it, in no uncertain fashion.

Norman R. Jaffray.

"Say, Joe—I wonder if we miscalculated somewhere?"

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

The Vice Presidency— Plum or Pill?

JOHN Q. TILSON, of Connecticut, Republican leader of the House of Representatives, is suffering terribly these days. His ambition—reaching out in different directions—has much the effect of poorly trained circus horses when the bareback rider is trying to bestride four of them at once. It is a bit disconcerting, especially as there are plenty of would-be riders for all the horses concerned.

Perhaps the worst of it is that Mr. Tilson only set out to ride two horses, one of which he knew to be quite tame, and the second, he thought, was fairly well bridled. Then along comes a third horse, and to save his life he cannot make out whether the new steed is not more attractive than both the old ones put together.

The point is that Mr. Tilson had his job as majority leader of the House pretty well clamped down. Of course the Democrats might make an end of the word "majority" but he would still be "Republican" leader. That was the first horse.

Then came the rumors that Vice President Curtis might not run again with Mr. Hoover next year. It was not announced, but it leaked out. Incidentally Mr. Curtis was none too pleased about its leaking out. He wants to survey the situation more carefully in his native Kansas before making any announcement.

But Mr. Tilson could not wait for that. He wanted to have his bridle on this second horse before Mr. Curtis should say he was going to dismount. Otherwise a lot of these unemployed bareback riders might have beaten him to it.

SO he issued an interview, down South somewhere, saying that Curtis would not run and putting himself right up in the foreground. Curtis' friends did not like it much, but Tilson had to risk that. Besides, he had to head off one particularly ambitious bareback rider who was supposed to have President Hoover's approval, to wit, Patrick J. Hurley. That gentleman

has such a hold on the "Chief" for the moment that every time anyone seems to be falling down on any job the first peg for the hole that occurs to the Presidential mind is Hurley. The chairmanship of the national committee, for instance.

And while Mr. Hurley did not want that chairmanship, he most emphatically did want to run for Vice President. So it appeared to Honest John that unless he lassoed this second horse very quickly, the good-looking gentleman from Oklahoma might be cavorting around the ring on this handsome animal, with the grandstand applauding him instead of the Republican House leader.

Hence his interview, indiscreet as it may have appeared to some, and flabbergasting as it was to Curtis' friends. Not to mention Hurley's.

But the shock of that little interview had not worn away when the news came from Aiken, South Carolina, that Nick Longworth had passed into history—and tradition.

Right away a third horse was galloping before the eyes of Mr. Tilson. The Speakership! The ambition of every member, no matter how humble, who comes to the House! Regarded by all House members and most others as far more important than the Vice Presidency, regardless of silly social rules of procedure. As a matter of fact it is a great deal more powerful as an office than the Vice Presidency, though it lacks the "heir apparent" feature.

For Tilson, as Republican leader, was and is the logical candidate of the Republicans for the Speakership, so long as he holds that post undisturbed. And no one had even suggested that the House Republicans needed a new leader! Popular opinion of the actions of the last Congress to the contrary notwithstanding.

BUT how to make up his mind? It was a problem. Of course John Tilson is a regular of regulars. He just laughs when someone suggests that the Democrats may beat Hoover next year. And he laughs with real amusement, not because he thinks it is the thing to

do. To him the idea is comical. So that for him the question is not whether the ticket can be elected next year, but whether he can get his bridle on the horse at the nominating conventions, despite the present inclination of the Chief for Hurley, and despite the possibility that Curtis may change his mind and insist on renomination after all.

But to be Speaker! What a pleasant thought that is! Why couldn't he ride one of the new horses—the Speakership one—for a little while, and then mount the more gloriously cockaded one—the Vice Presidency? For this third horse may not be any more gorgeous—except to Washington society—than the Speakership, but it has a marvelous past performance for running right into the White House!

It may do so again. Four years is a long time. And it is the only way a man from a state with as few electoral votes as Connecticut has a real chance to mount right up on top of the Elephant!

It requires some thinking, and, let no one think that John is not giving the subject plenty of thought.

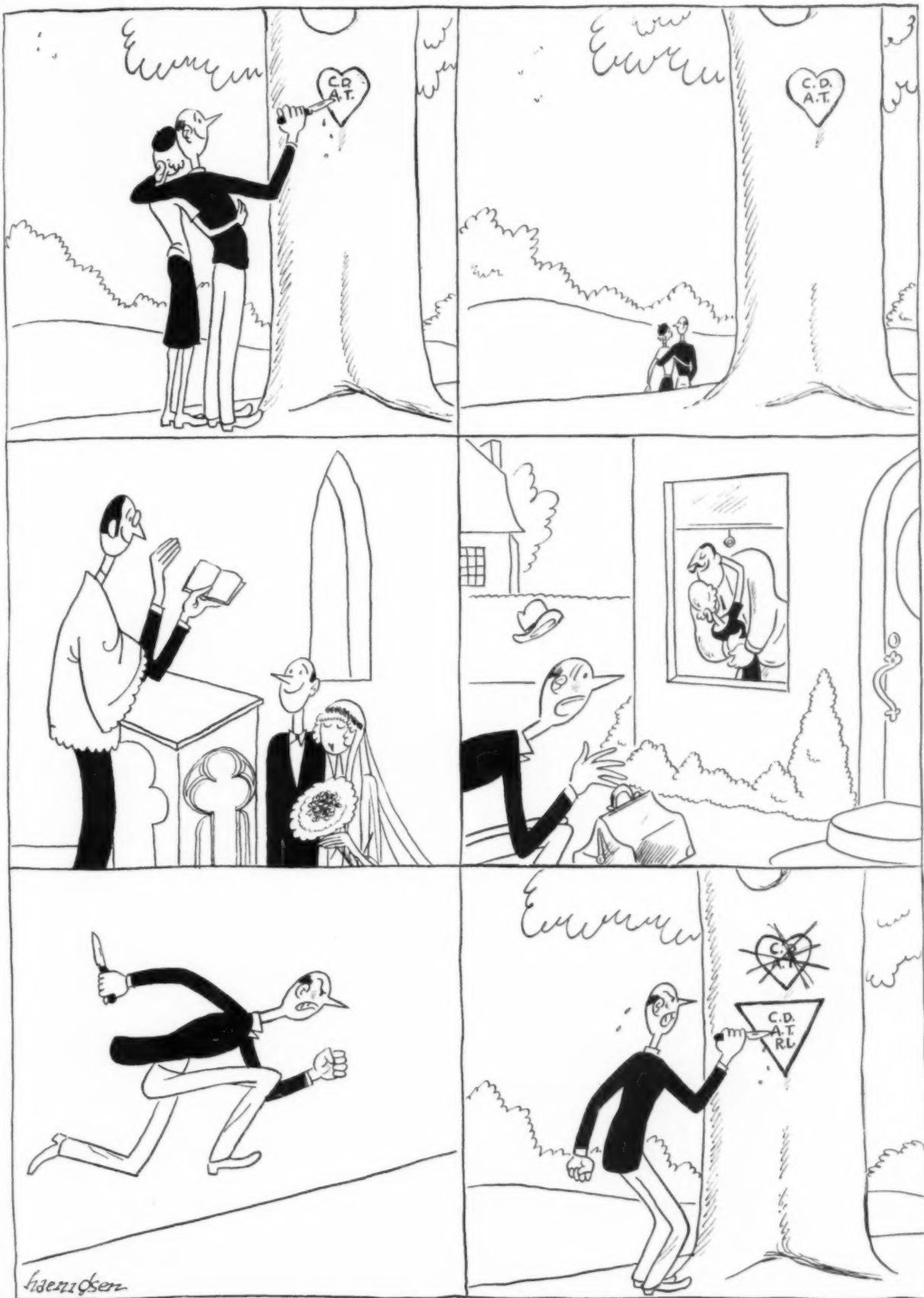
UP in the Nutmeg State they are giving it some thought too. And not for the first time. Out at Kansas City, just after Hoover was nominated, the leaders were casting about for a strong running mate. They were a little anxious for a while to please the Northeast, because New York and Connecticut in particular (not to mention Rhode Island and Massachusetts) were not pleased with the nomination of Hoover.

So they put it up to Boss Rorabach, who has ruled at Hartford for lo these many years, but who never was able to extend his sovereignty to the New Haven district, which Tilson represents.

"Take him and welcome," was the substance of Rorabach's reply, intimating that he would be just as glad to be rid of Tilson.

They have made political peace since, on the surface at least, but there are some deserving young men around New Haven who will be tickled to death if Tilson should make room for a new congressman.

There are always more bareback riders than horses.





"See if Walter used that gag of mine today!"

Between the Lines

Feel the chilly breeze?
See the barren hill?
Poet on his knees
By a daffodil . . .

He will write of these!
Of a laughing rill!
Poet then will sneeze!
Take a little pill . . .

—E. L.



"Your wife was in here today looking at a couple of Pekes—
now are you going to pay protection or no!"

Brides' Waffles

Much has been said concerning brides' biscuits, but all too little is heard of the many uses for brides' waffles. If you have some fine handkerchiefs or something you do not wish to send to the laundry, a bride's waffle makes an excellent scrubbing board and when shellacked lasts for years. One also may be used for lifting hot pans. Dishes too warm for the table sit comfortably on them. Eighteen of these waffles fastened together make a durable and efficient door mat, and auto tires retreaded with them have been known to give an added 10,000 miles.

When Jimmie Comes Marching

And now someone makes the malicious crack that Jimmie Walker returned to New York to get away from it all.



"Well thank you for showing me these house furnishings. I just wanted something to keep me from proposing to-night."

The French Composition Book Writer Goes Modern

(1) Where is the gin of my grandmother? (2) Have you whiskey, soda and ice? (3) My aunt is divorced from my uncle and my cousin is divorced also. (4) I have had four cocktails, thank you, but my little sister has had only three. (5) The book which I am reading has been suppressed. (6) What is the racket of your father? (7) The bootlegger of my mother is in jail. (8) If I did not have inhibitions, I should be more happy. (9) The alcohol in the small cocktail shaker is stronger than the alcohol in the large punch bowl. (10) Because my little brother is intoxicated, I shall take him to my home.

—W. W. Scott.

Curse Your Way to Fame

The larger, lighter golf ball which has been approved by the United States Golf Association and nobody else, offers a rare opportunity for the first man who can think of some new cuss words to use with it.

Unenjoyably Entertained

Nothing makes us madder than having a radio announcer tell us that the orchestra whose playing we have greatly enjoyed for the past ten or fifteen minutes is one we particularly dislike.



Mr. Thornton Pippey, 3rd, the engager. Miss Fanny Scrapple, who was reported engaged to Mr. Pippey in Miami. and Miss Pansy O'Lahey, who threatens to sue Mr. Pippey for Alienation of Affections, or fifty dollars.

ATLANTIC CITY WELCOMES MR. AND MRS. BAXTER Q. PEEBLES, AND THEIR GUEST, MR. THORNTON PIPEPY, 3rd.

MR. PIPEPY, 3rd. DENIES ENGAGEMENT TO MISS PANSY O'LAHEY

Hotel Management Discovers Loss Of Silverware, Which Is Found Later In Mr. Pippey's Room. "A Hoax" Says He

Atlantic City: Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Q. Peebles, accompanied by Mr. Thornton Pippey, 3rd arrived here yesterday, and registered at the fashionable Hotel Strathmore. Miss Pansy O'Lahey, a chambermaid, employed at the Strathmore, told reporters that Mr. Pippey had announced his engagement to her soon after their first meeting. When questioned about the engagement Mr. Pippey said, "I know nothing about it—if Miss O'Loeey, or whatever her name is, wishes to be engaged to me, that is certainly none of my affair. I found her sleeping under my bed. I disliked her from the start. After all—a woman's place is in the home—not under a man's bed. I would have thrown her out immediately, but she threatened to sue me.

"What about the silverware that was lifted from the dining room, Mr. Pippey?" asked a reporter. "What made you bring that up?" he replied. "Of course, it was very embarrassing to find all those knives and forks in my pockets. I'm sorry I didn't eat in my vest, as I usually do. It wouldn't have happened then. It must have been the handiwork of some #?#*#*#*?? \$#*#*#*? practical joker. I'll admit that I took one of the soup tureens up to my room—I expected to send out for some ice cream later in the evening—have you ever tasted ice cream out of a soup tureen? Personally, I believe Miss O'Loeey is at the bottom of all this. She should be at the bottom of something."

Mr. and Mrs. Peebles were asked for a statement concerning the engagement of Mr. Pippey to Miss O'Lahey. "There must be some mistake, sir," said Mr. Peebles. "Mr. Pippey told us some time ago that he was engaged to Greta Garbo. He's had this sort of trouble before—but, as far as I know, Mr. Pippey has never been engaged at anything."

In spite of many protests Mr. and Mrs. Peebles and Mr. Pippey, 3rd insist that they will spend another weekend here, notwithstanding an offer from the Hotel Strathmore of free transportation to any city in the United States.

Why He Loves Her

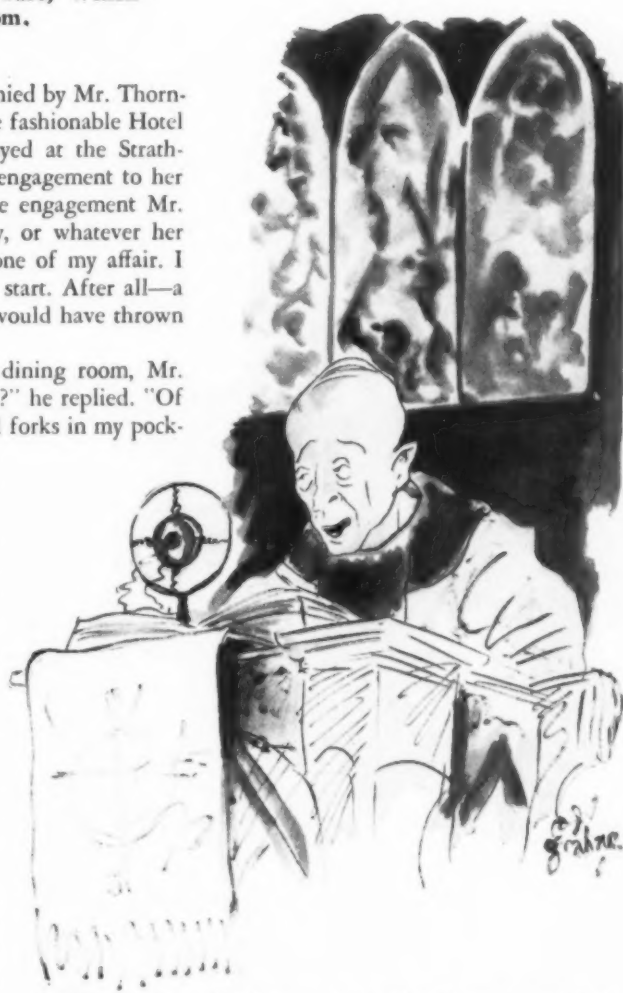
For your copper hair
And dryad ears,
A forehead wise,
And a nose that crinkles:

Cheeks that wear
No trace of years,
And two blue eyes
Like periwinkles:

For things you say,
And thoughts you keep:
For your heart that sings
What matter the season:

For the cunning way
You curl asleep—
For all these things,
And for no good reason.

—Norman R. Jaffray.



"There will be a brief pause for station denouncements."

Life at Home

NASHVILLE, TENN.—A Federal judge should know better. When two brothers were arrested for having liquor in their possession, they claimed they had found it. The judge said that if any one in the courtroom believed the story he would dismiss the charge. Immediately the prisoners' aunt declared she believed them. The judge was so surprised that he offered to pay their way home if any one else thought the story was true. Another feminine voice spoke up, "I believe them, Judge." The magistrate dug out a five dollar bill and learning it would cost three dollars to get them home, told them to go out and get some change. He is still waiting for his two dollars.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A divorce was granted Mrs. Mildred Oliver, who named the Siamese twins as correspondents.

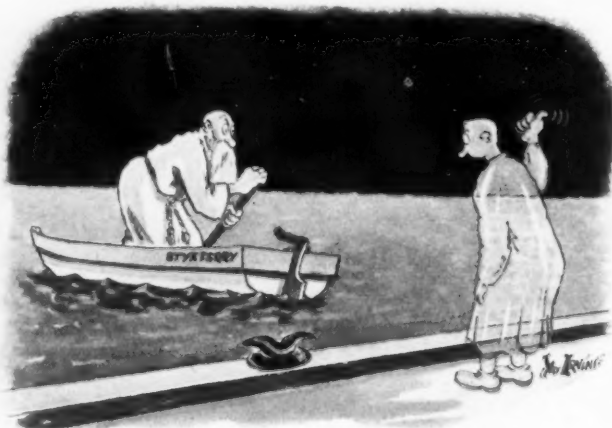
WASHINGTON, D. C. — The Mount Pleasant Congregational Church is giving a six weeks course in marriage problems for young people. Among the topics for instruction are: "Intricacies of wooing, or how to become engaged in six weeks."

ULSTER, PENNA.—Della, a Holstein cow belonging to George Smith, uses her bean. In the first place, every day when she gets hungry she pulls an electric light cord attached to the stanchion of her cell. Early one morning Della had a pain in her tummy so she switched on the light summoning her master. When he arrived he found Della suffering from indigestion, so he called a veterinarian who said that had

she not received prompt treatment, Della would have died.

PITTSBURGH—Scientists at the Westinghouse Laboratories are making a profound study of dirty dishes preparatory to inventing a new electric dish-washing machine. The dirtiest dish, used as a standard in measurement, is attained by allowing tomato soup to drop on the plate from a height of six feet. When dry, the result is almost unwashable.

M'ALISTER, OKLA.—When B. F. Van Dyke, retiring warden of the Oklahoma Penitentiary, presented his warrants for his salary, the State Auditor refused to honor them, as Van



SHADE OF HITCH HIKER: *Going my way?*

Dyke had never been confirmed by the State Senate. So the inmates of the prison took up a collection and presented him with \$1200, and a gold watch as a token of their regard.

EVANSTON, ILL.—Professor William F. Byron of Northwestern University recently suggested that the profession of the "gigolo" might some day be recognized in America. An Englishman of middle age, who thought a college "gigolo" department was contemplated, wrote and asked if he could enroll.

AND ABROAD

PEIPING, CHINA—A recent census shows that there are 2,600,000 unemployed in Honan Province. The statistics naively list 1,600,000 famine victims, 400,000 soldiers, 200,000 unemployed factory workers, and 400,000 bandits.

PARIS—The staid French Academy of Sciences has decided that Victor Hugo's rather fantastic story of how the famed walls of Jericho crumbled under the resonance of seven days of trumpeting is not in keeping with science. The Academy doubts if tone can crumble a stone wall. The Academy also decided to send French scientists with Prof. Carstang, of the University of Liverpool, in a final effort to fix definitely the date of the fall of Jericho and the entry of the Jewish army into Palestine.

LONDON—So sentimentally is he attached to a thirty-year-old automobile that Dr. Francis Pearse has decided to bury it with all honors, rather than let it fall into unkindly hands.

Until three years ago Dr. Pearse drove the car regularly. He said:

"I have bought a plot of ground near a cemetery to give it a decent burial. I shall drive it through the city to the burial ground, where it will be broken up and interred."

BRUSSELS—A physician has invented a moving picture camera which can be introduced into a patient's stomach. Thus laying bare the last nook of personal privacy.

PARIS, FRANCE—A German scientist here has figured out that the eyelids of a man of fifty have traveled the distance of nearly a third of the circumference of the earth, or 144 miles a year, in blinking.

Jimmy Walker's Outline of History

THAT'S right, Mr. Mayor, if laughing and wise-cracking are offenses you are certainly guilty. It's nice of you to admit it. And don't think they aren't offenses! Look at history. Why, that's all history is—a chronicle of the misfortunes that have befallen wise-crackers.

Adam, as you know, started that shortly after the Creation. When his eldest was born he remarked, with a sly leer, "Well, now let's raise Cain." Yes, he did, Jimmy, and you know how well *he* fared when they started an investigation. And he didn't know how to get to California in those days, either.

And then look what happened to Socrates. Would the great philosopher ever have been forced to drink hemlock if he hadn't forgotten himself when someone asked him to differentiate between a Stoic and Cynic? "A Cynic," replied Socrates, "is what you wash dishes in, and a Stoic is where babies come from." That was the beginning of the end of the great period of Greek civilization—and of Socrates.

History, Mr. Walker, then becomes dull and uneventful until Roman times and those fatal Ides of March. Caesar was told to beware them, but did he? You know the answer. The very first Ide had hardly got under way before Julius made that crack about Hannibal. "Hannibal," remarked the great emperor, in an interview to the press, "was a marvelous naturalist." "How do you figure that?" replied a young cub reporter probably planted by Brutus for the occasion. "Well, didn't he cross the Alps with elephants?" came back Caesar. Now you tell me what happened to Julius the next day.

There then follows, as you know, a long dismal period of history known as the dark ages and in which there wasn't a single wise-crack worth mentioning until Michelangelo ushered in the Renaissance by gazing at the torso of the Venus de Milo and remarking: "Give this little girl a hand." It ushered in the Renaissance all right, but the Medici prosecuted Michelangelo. They made him lie on his back and paint the Sistine Ceiling. The paint all dripped down, and ruined his eyes and his temper. Would you like to have the Citizens' Committee do that to you?

After that sally things quieted down for a few centuries, and the next time we look at our outline we find ourselves in the New World, so called because of Abraham Lincoln's New Wisecrack. According to historians it happened like this: Somebody or other—it may have been General Grant—asked the Great Emancipator how long a man's legs ought to be. "It doesn't make much difference," replied the President, who was clad in a natty double-breasted suit with trousers to match, "as long as they're long enough to reach the ground." Maybe it *was* Booth who asked Lincoln this question. Anyhow—well, you know.

This brings us up to you, and how do you feel now, Mr. Walker? —Parke Cummings.



"I've always dreamed of this."

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

In Which Your Critic Sheds Some Unemployed Tears

I HAVE never understood why the poet's eye is traditional as rolling in a fine frenzy when an agitated orb and even a heart bowed down are the natural birthrights of the critic. You are probably getting pretty fed up on hearing all us dramatic reviewers bawl about our sufferings of the past season, and are wishing that we would go into a dance, or fill up our space with limericks, or get a cheerful ghost writer to do our stuff. You may even want us to start in driving taxicabs for a living, or set ourselves up neatly in the flour and feed business. I have thought seriously of going in for fortune-telling, but although there is no law which requires me to attend the openings of alleged plays and wail about them later in the journals, there is unfortunately a statute to prevent me from forecasting the futures of my fellow citizens, and I should not like to land in the Supreme Court, for I am sure I should never have Miss Evangeline Adams' luck. So here I sit just like Jeremiah, except for the long white beard (a gray patch has come out over one of my temples, at that, and it is one of the gravest problems of my life to keep it covered without looking like the priests in "Aida"), giving everybody hell in the secure conviction that dogs on whom dubious properties are tried have a perfect right to do a little baying when they turn out to be nauseating. The best piece of criticism of the year did not, by the way, get into print. It was proffered by an unknown man who was actively ill at a performance of "Greater Love". I have come to a point where I am lashed by a strange and unaccustomed fury, and feel at times much like the young gentleman in "The Jest" who was unable to pray until he had avenged his wrongs with blood. I have certainly lost my appetite, which was famous in a hundred households, and find myself making wild and extravagant statements, which, although they have been gospel, are not the sort of thing which the more gentle of us, on second thought, would put into their copy. Only the other day I voiced my

disapproval of a certain actress by stating that when I saw her in a play I did not care whether she lived or died, and I *don't*, but a wise editor saved me from myself by cutting it out of the article. The excision made the paragraph sound a little unbalanced, but I daresay he thought it was better for the paragraph to sound that way than for me to do so.

They tell me it is always darkest just before the dawn, but that doesn't make the period spent in the gloom any pleasanter. We must, however, be children of hope, and we must allow that hope to triumph over our experience, as Nat Goodwin said *he* did every time he got married. Tonight is the revival of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author", and although Mr. Benchley once remarked that it was nothing for people to go to straight from a children's party with paper caps on their heads, I can vouch that there will be twenty critics there stringing right along with those characters.

Precedent

THE production of I. J. Golden's "Precedent" down at the Provincetown Theatre seemed almost like a masterpiece. But it was a play about justice, based on the scandal which has been stirred up about the Mooney-Billings trial, and I was back in Row T, because of some mix-up over my tickets, and you know what those benches at the Provincetown Theatre do to your back, what time the plaster is not falling down on your head, or the latecomers in the tiny lobby making such a racket that you might as well be at a pantomime. So my opinion of the proceedings may be a bit jaundiced. I began to be suspicious when I read in the program the following quotation from John Galsworthy, who should know better: "Whether it is the proper function of the theatre to edify or whether it is to afford an audience purely with entertainment is debatable." He could get no argument on the subject out of me, and why, by the way, should he imply that edification is a dull business? Many of us are never so entertained as when we are singing hymns, or listening to the Litany, or

looking at a noble painting, or resolving to lead a more godly life.

BUT I am getting far from my point, which is that capitalism and labor have never appealed to me as material for art, nor, to revert to Galsworthy's implications, does what is used in their two provinces as such material strike me as particularly edifying. I am sorry for anybody who has to work under unfavorable conditions, but it has always seemed to me that the labor unions are never satisfied, even though their members all own automobiles and charge me more by the day than I am able to pay. And I have certainly never approved of the methods by which their agitators seek to correct their wrongs, for I belong to that large, unsympathetic group which doesn't feel quite comfortable when citizens with foreign names, or worse, are going around with bombs in their pockets. I realize the injustice of our court system, but I know that I can never do anything about it myself, and my advice to those who seem to suffer from it is to stay at home, stop talking, and mind their own business, for then they will avoid collision with it. "Precedent", to get back again to an extremely elusive point, presents the Billings-Mooney case as a scandalous miscarriage of justice. Since most of you have no more idea than a jackrabbit who Mooney and Billings are, I will tell you that they are the men accused of and convicted for bombing a preparedness parade out West in 1916. Mooney, with his name changed to Delaney, is the one selected for the protagonist of this piece, in which the frame-up said to have been pulled on him by capitalism and the law is unfolded vividly enough to send spectators who voted for McKinley out for a Socialist soap-box. I was not fibbing when I made an unkind reference to the plaster in the Provincetown Theatre, because the explosive used at the first performance of "Precedent" was so violent that it caused a few fragments to fly. There were no casualties, however, and if you have survived this sociological discourse and have a mind to see such a theme in action, I shouldn't wonder if you find "Precedent" running smoothly.

According to the Tabloids

She may be the lowliest super
That ever shook hips in a scene,
But when she appears
With beer racketeers
She's "Star of the Stage and the Screen."

She may be a clothes-horse for Ziegfeld
Without an idea in her bean,
But if she is shot
Or Put on the Spot
She's "Star of the Stage and the Screen."

She may be as round as a barrel;
She may be too lank and too lean
But when her affairs
Involve millionaires
She's "Star of the Stage and the Screen."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Bad Actors

"McKee Acting Mayor"—headlines a New York newspaper. We hope it does away with the belief that Walker is acting mayor.



"Who told me? Ah'll tell you who told me! De man dat plays God in de Green Pastures!"

LIFE IN SOCIETY



ROWS UNDER WATER TO WIN REGATTA.

Vic Hanny, captain of the Calford Eight, pulling stroke in the annual punting races on the Thames. Near the finish the famous oarsman fumbled his punt and sank to the bottom.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Northrup of Glen Ridge entertained with a musicale last evening in their cellar.

Mrs. Albert B. Goodwin of Greenwich has returned from Augusta, Ga-ga.

The first yachting arrival of the season occurred yesterday when the auxiliary schooner Mrs. Charles P. Madden, belonging to Mr. Charles P. Madden of Philadelphia, arrived in port.

Señora Juan Diaño, who has been visiting in Washington, has returned to her home in Newport.

Baron Boris Alexis Boldt of Paris, who arrived on the Europa, is at the Ambassador in ship's clothing.

Arrivals at the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena, Cal. include Mrs. Frederick L. Beers and Miss Prudence Beers of Philadelphia—and a pretzel.

Miss Helen Dolan of New York entertained at luncheon yesterday at the Pinhurst Country Club with a bachelor shower for Miss Lucille Rutherford of Montclair and Miss Eleanor Whiting of New York.

Mrs. Ramsay Leeds will give a farewell reception and buffet supper Sunday at her home in Scarsdale for her daughter, Miss Marjorie Leeds, who will leave Tuesday for a house party at New Haven.

Sir Geoffrey Ian Algernon Leith-Forbes, Bart., and Lady Leith-Forbes arrived yesterday on the Mauretania and will stop at the Pierre until the head waiter calls him Mr. Forbes.

—Jack Chuet.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Strangers May Kiss"

IT seems that Norma Shearer has a habit of getting herself mixed up in good moving pictures, or maybe they're good movies because she gets mixed up in them. She was delightful in "Let Us Be Gay;" gave a performance in "The Divorcee" that was rated the best of the year by a jury of experts; and now comes through with another commendable piece of work in "Strangers May Kiss." LIFE recommends it—for adults.

In approving this screen adaptation of the Ursula Parrott novel of the same name, Will Hays and his gang of whitewashers give a definite indication that they are about to accept sex as a proven fact and become a bit broader between the ears. We can almost see the look of conviction on their faces after censoring this film, and can imagine the sage wagging of heads as they murmured to each other, profoundly, "Well, after all, *that's* life."

And "Strangers May Kiss" is frankly about sex—make up your minds to that and keep your kids home unless you know how to apply all the "Birds and Bees" answers to movie situations on short notice. Miss Shearer falls for one of those men who do not believe in marriage. The reason, logically enough (a bachelor speaking), is that he has been married once. So Norma, who is a business executive, gives it all up to run away to Mexico with her boy friend. Here she lives with him in what is generally accepted as sin—and loves it. By now you know this is a "problem" picture.

NORMA's slogan of life is—"A girl may kiss and ride on"—which means she has as much right as a man to take her fun where she finds it. This will be especially interesting to girls who have been taught to kiss and walk back. So the problem is this: Can a girl play around indiscriminately and still retain the feminine fineness that is supposed to be her chief attraction for men? The answer offered by this story, if any, proves nothing, as it applies only to gals who are fortified with sufficient physical beauty to attract men; sufficient brains to keep a step

ahead of them; and sufficient money to be independent. Nice work if you can get it.

Maybe you've heard this old one: A man went to a very rich friend and said, "I am thinking of buying a yacht. How much does it cost to keep one?" The friend replied, "If you have to ask how much it will cost you can't afford it." Which is our answer to the question of what's what in "Strangers May Kiss." If you have to argue with yourself too long about a change of moral status—you can't afford to go in for it.

Aren't movie critics wonderful!

Next in importance to Miss Shearer is Robert Montgomery, who again proves that he has no peer on the screen when it comes to getting the most out of ree-fined comedy roles. Metro-Goldwyn should get somebody busy writing a picture around his unusually pleasant screen personality. (And we might add that they should keep him away from parts like the one he had in that Garbo picture.) Marjorie Rambeau also does a swell job, and Neil Hamilton, aided and abetted by a moustache, offers his best talkie work to date. Other members of the cast deserving a hand are Irene Rich, Albert Conti and Hale Hamilton. Then there is Jed Prouty. We must mention Jed so we can tell you the funny part of it. In the picture he is called *Harry Evans*. Honestly, the darndest things happen to me.

Director George Fitzmaurice is to be commended for a smooth piece of screen entertainment in which the action is paced with such good judgment that its big moments never seem pretentious, and are therefore convincing. "Strangers May Kiss" is sex with a sense of humor. We need more of it.

"The Finger Points"

ONE of the pet aversions of this department are pictures in which gangsters are eulogized. This latest Richard Barthelmess film steers clear of most of the heroics with which gangland is usually gilded by the movies, but in spite of this we did not enjoy it very much. If you haven't a natural prejudice against the general idea, which we are afraid we have,

you may be reasonably entertained, because Mr. Barthelmess and his assistants do some commendable acting.

The story is supposed to be based on the case of Jake Lingle, the Chicago reporter for whose murder a gunman was recently convicted. Mr. Barthelmess, as the reporter, does a pretty good job, though Lord knows why they gave him a Southern accent. It detracts from his usually pleasant diction.

We were pleased to see Clark Gable again. If they must have gangsters he is certainly one of the most convincing of the Hollywood crop. Regis Toomey also gives a good performance.

"Cracked Nuts"

STUFFED full of a lot of ancient wheezes which include, believe it or not, the one about a person going into the river for divers reasons, "Cracked Nuts" has little chance to amuse any but those movie fans who can "just laugh at Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey no matter what they do." I quote that from a young lady who sat in back of me and almost had hysterics. However, we enjoyed her laughter because when she was giggling we couldn't hear her eating the bag of potato chips she had in her lap.

Our chief objection to this film is that it does not do right by Edna May Oliver. With a little care and intelligence Radio Pictures could build Miss Oliver up to the point where she could be mentioned in the same breath with Marie Dressler . . . but the build-up will not be accomplished through such things as "Cracked Nuts." Miss Oliver in this picture reminded us of a very nice old lady kicking a tomato can down Park Avenue. More ridiculous than amusing. We hope to see her soon in pictures that offer as good material for her talent as she found in "Cimarron" and "Laugh and Get Rich."

It would be interesting to know what goes through the minds of men like Director Edward Cline when they are given junk like this and told to make a movie of it.

P-s-s-t!

A tip for the men who go to see "Dirigible." Listen for a line spoken by one of the characters when the aeroplane takes off for the South Pole.



"Let's sit on top, where we can smoke."

THE LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

MY DEAR SON:

Nice to hear you are back at work after the readjustment your company made. We made one too, down at the brick plant, but we're not big enough to call it that. I notice there's a change on your letter-head. I wouldn't care. "Office of the Fifth Vice President" is a pre-Hoover expression anyhow. There are some symbols missing at the end, too, as if they had taken away your secretary and put her to work. Does it mean that under the "reorganization plan" you'll be going back to the office after lunch instead of to the Yankee Stadium?

Of course you junior executives haven't seen anything. I was through the pan- . . . I mean depression . . . of 1907 when there was such a shortage of money that jingling in the trousers pocket was considered unpatriotic. You haven't suffered for money in the last year according to the stubs of my checkbook.

Things are looking up here at home. I rented that Main Street room where the Olde Bond Street Boot Shoppe used to be to a hamburger man who agrees to pay rent the first month the government misses issuing a bulletin on the recovery.

It's going to be a pretty good sum-

mer, although if I owned a resort hotel I'd insist that the clerks say how do you do to the guests.

Your Affectionate Father

—McCready Huston.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *vainer* with an *s* and get some depressions.

(2) Scramble *moans* with an *r* and get a price on your head.

(3) Scramble *smearing* with an *l* and get what a lazy worker does.

(4) Scramble *creeps* with a *t* and get a kingly bauble.

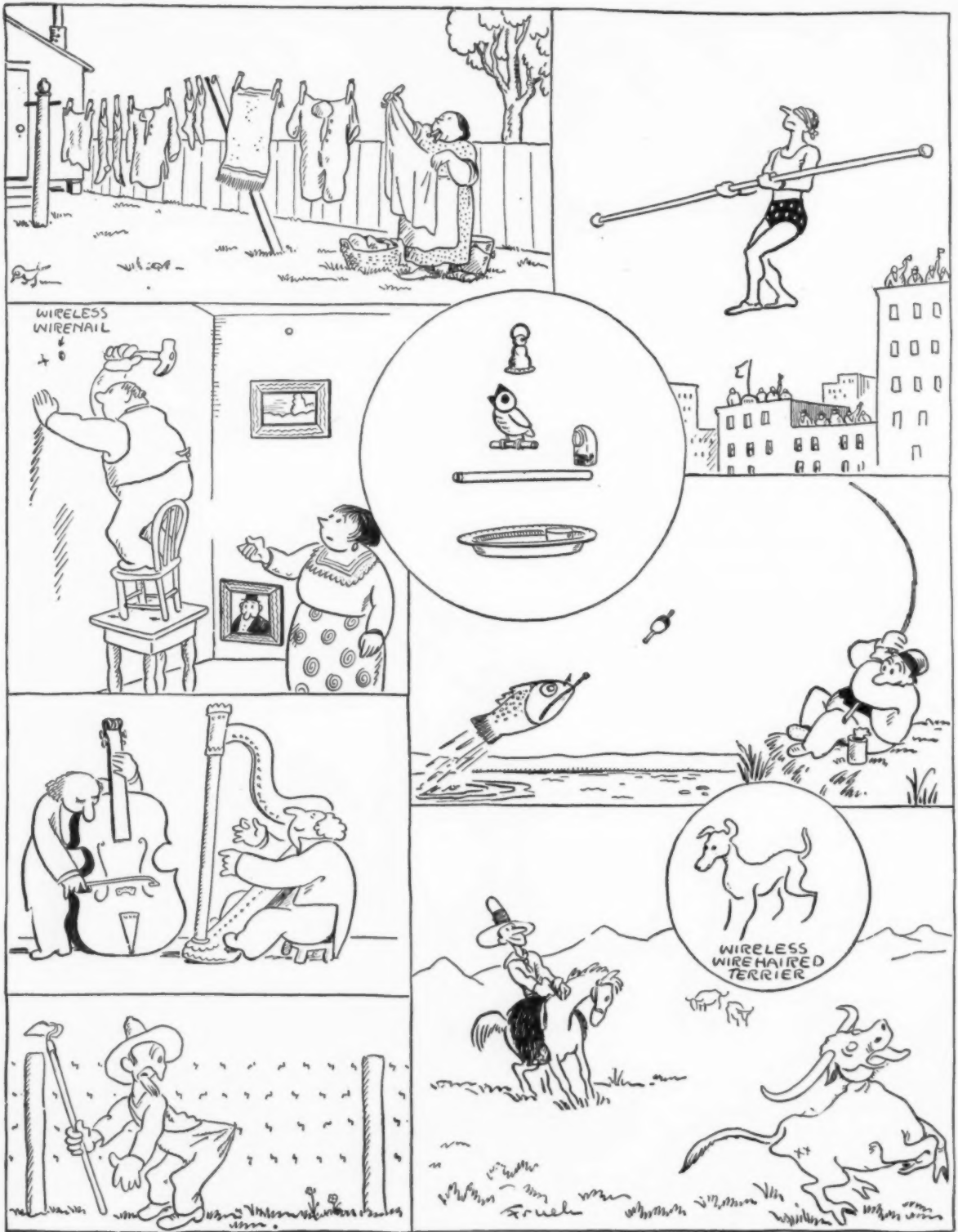
(5) Scramble *neater* with a *v* and get a man favored by Congress.

Answers on page 29



"Gorgeous symbolism—isn't it!"

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, July 10, 1924.

The Wireless Age.

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.85 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (*)—Zoë Akins' lively comedy of the home-life of three ex-chorines. Adults.

MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Little.* \$3.85 (X*)—The sad and charming whimsy of a lady unable to grow old. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Henry Hull and Eugénie Leontovich.

TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy wherein Helen Gahagan finds l'amour essential to a prima donna. Adults.

THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse.* \$3.85 (*)—Heartily recommended comedy with Mary Boland as the feather-brained lady with an overly developed—if inaccurate—feeling for past romance.

FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort.* \$3.85 (*)—Thrilling, melodramatic attack on the scandal-mongering tabloids with Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller.* \$3.85 (X and Tues.)—Philip Barry's play wherein a woman is made "complete" through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall. Adults.

AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85 (*)—Splendid bit of acting by Judith Anderson in Pirandello's confusing play of a woman's identity.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.85 (X)—Noel Coward's care-free comedy in which he and Gertrude Lawrence find love and furniture-breaking synonymous.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell in a worth-while play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

DOCTOR X. *Hudson.* \$3.00 (*)—Mystery thriller. A murder every time the lights go out and a scientific device for trapping the killer. Good hokum.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY. *Booth.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (*)—Louis Calhern in the rôle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer yearns for the simple days of his youth in this latest of Mr. Milne's whimsies.

AS HUSBANDS GO. *John Golden.* \$3.85 (*)—Rachel Crothers' satisfactory comedy—the heady glamour of Paris lingers with two ladies on their return to Dubuque.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. *Apollo.* \$3.00 (*)—Channing Pollock's play idealizing the Galahad-ish struggle of one couple vs. success, money and modern business.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON. *New Amsterdam.* \$3.85 (*)—Time has been kind to parts of this Barrie comedy in which William Gillette scored in 1903. Walter Hampden in title rôle.

MIRACLE AT VERDUN. *Martin Beck.* \$3.00 (X)—Incoherent production by the Guild showing the return to earth of the war dead—done with the aid of a triple projection screen and loud speakers.

THE SILENT WITNESS. *Morosco.* \$3.00 (*)—Lionel Atwill in a British crime play which manages to afford a proper amount of mystery thrills without the use of hysterics.

GETTING MARRIED. *Guild.* \$3.00 (X)—Well staged revival of the George Bernard Shaw play with Henry Travers, Helen Westley and Dorothy Gish.

RIGHT OF HAPPINESS. *Vanderbilt.* \$3.00 (*)—Herbert Rawlinson performs commendably as a very presentable doctor in a very bad play.

THE GREAT MAN. *Ritz.* \$3.00 (*)—Walter Woolf in a South American comedy by Paul Hervey Fox.

THE WISER THEY ARE. *Plymouth.* \$3.85 (X)—Osgood Perkins providing the few redeeming moments in an uninteresting sex play.

THE RAP. *Avon.* \$3.00 (X)—Presenting an exposé of relationships between the judiciary and the underworld. Based on recent vice investigations.

JOY OF LIVING. *Masque.* \$3.00 (*)—A play from the German of Rudolph Lothar and Hans Bachwitz with Donald Brian, Taylor Holmes and others.

PETER IBBETSON. *Shubert.* \$3.00 (*)—Another entertaining revival with Dennis King, George Nash, Jessie Royce Landis and others. Wonder what's holding up "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR. *Bijou.* \$3.00 (*)—A revival of the Pirandello play with Walter Connolly, Eleanor Phelps, Eugene Powers and others.

MELO. *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85 (*)—Arthur Pol-

lock's adaptation from the French of Henry Bernstein. Ada Best, Basil Rathbone and others.

MUSICAL

FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger.* \$5.50 (*)—Joe Cook and all his gadgets in a fast-moving show.

THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60 (X)—Revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen. Adults.

GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin.* \$5.50 (*)—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman ("Sam and Delilah")—and the cowboy quartette ("Bidin' My Time").

SWEET AND LOW. *44th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Fannie Brice, George Jessel and James Barton. They say it has been cleaned up. It needed it. Adults.

THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60 (X)—Sophisticated revue with Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Hope Williams; and Waring's Pennsylvanians. Jimmie Durante and Waring's Band carry the load.

MEET MY SISTER. *Imperial.* \$3.30 (*)—Continental importation. Charming atmosphere when you're in a restful mood.

YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Collegiate pep. Lou Holtz and Lyda Roberti furnish consistent amusement.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst.* \$5.50 (*)—Another crack at Hollywood—this time with music. With Jeanne Aubert and Jack Whiting.

THE WONDER BAR. *Bayes.* \$6.60 (*)—A good show brings Al Jolson back to the popularity he lost in bad movies.

(Continued on page 29)



"YOU SAID IT."

Lou Holtz (destroying the herring sandwich) proves that he is one of our smarter showmen by combining his Hebrew wit with Lyda Roberti's intriguing Polish accent to keep the customers in such a good humor that they are willing to forgive the less proficient members of the cast.

Our Foolish Contemporaries



MISTRESS: *Why do I keep finding half smoked cigarettes all over the house?*
 MAID: *Because I never get time to finish one.* —Punch (by permission).

"Is he a good watch-dog?"

"Rather. If you hear a suspicious noise at night you have only to wake him and he begins to bark."

—Answers.

A famous chess expert says he hasn't played for five years. Still, it may be his move again any minute now.

—The Humorist.

Many are the good stories told of Rockne and his men, but this department's favorite is the classic crack made to one of the Four Horsemen. This man had been unable to gain against a certain opponent. "The trouble is," said Knute, "that feller doesn't know who you are. Go out there and show him your press clippings!"

—New York Evening Sun.

He had proposed. She tossed her head haughtily.

"You!" came her scornful reply.

"You want to marry me?"

"Yes," murmured the lover.

"But, my dear boy," she went on, "you've only known me three days."

"Oh, much longer than that really!" he said. "I've been two years in the bank where your father has his account."

—Pearson's.

A visiting British lecturer says that Americans have a bored look. If he'd just stay away from his own lectures, perhaps he wouldn't notice it.

—New York Evening Post.

HUSBAND (after vain search in toolshed on Saturday afternoon): "What? Lent my fork and spade to Mrs. Wiggins? What am I going to do then?"

WIFE: "I forgot to tell you, dear. I promised to lend you to her too, to dig up her potato patch."

—Passing Show.

Dr. Millikan, the scientist, has resumed his experiments in California to determine the speed of light. All we know is that it usually gets here too soon in the morning.

—New York Evening Post.

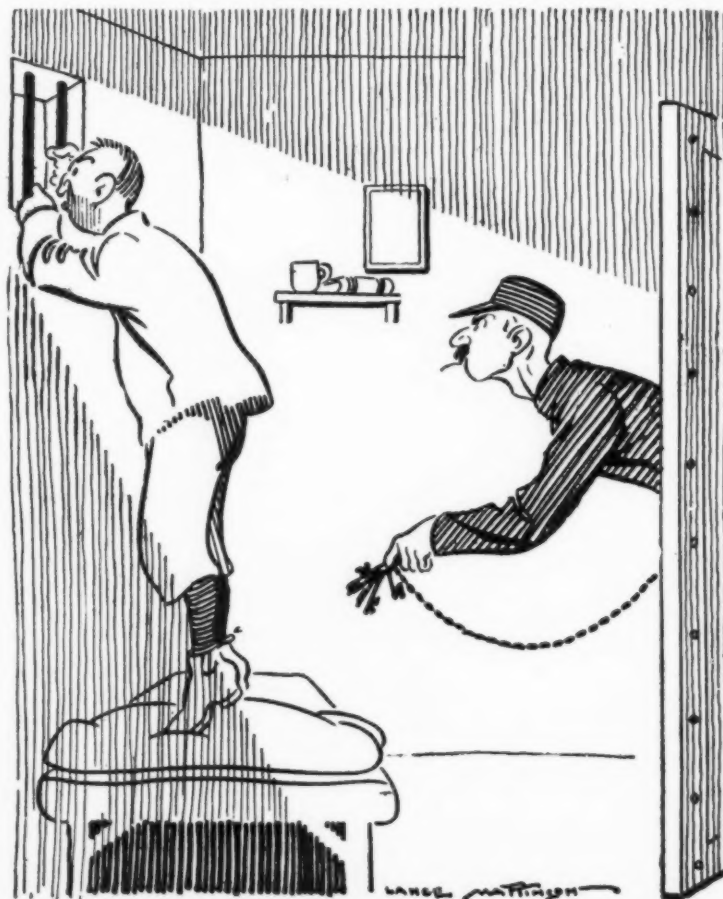
FIRST YOUNG DOCTOR (to second ditto): "Hullo, old man, what's the matter? You're looking very glum."

"No wonder," was the reply. "I'm attending that wealthy Mr. Golding, you know, and I've sent him the wrong medicine."

"Indeed! Is it a serious blunder?"

"Very serious! The medicine I've sent him will cure him in two days!"

—The Outspan.



WARDER: *Hi, what are you doing?*

CONVICT: *Sun bathin'!*

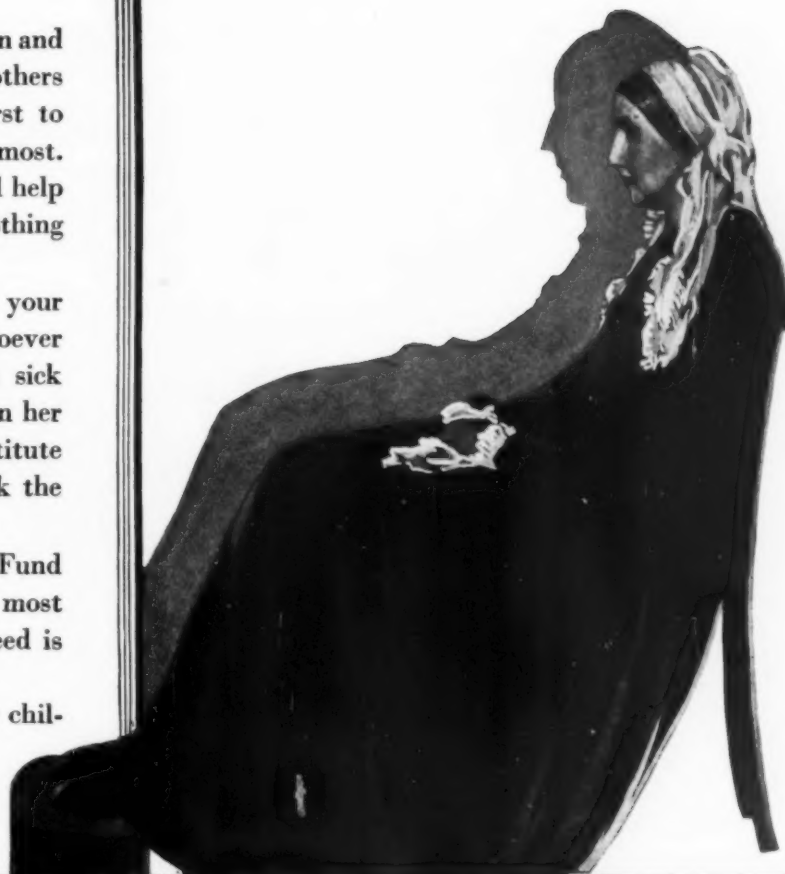
—Everybody's Weekly.

IN times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.



A "GOLDEN RULE" MOTHERS' DAY

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IN HONOR OF MOTHER—HELP OTHER MOTHERS

To The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund Committee
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I hereby subscribe.....Dollars
to the GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND, to be applied
by the Committee where most needed, unless specifically
designated below.

Signed.....

Address.....

This gift is to be recorded in the name of.....

and used for.....

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND"

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY



Only a handkerchief

BUT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in rooms that have closets big enough to hold *all* your clothes—in *every* appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But what you'll be sure to notice is a spirit of *extra* service, in all the little things which United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S only United . . . The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . The Bancroft
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FLINT, MICH. . . . The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. . . The Constant Spring



Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 84.

C	A	M	E	L	S		P	E	W		H	A	S	H
A	N	E	M	I	A		O	D	E		P	A	P	A
R	I	N	S	E		S	L	E	D		R	E	D	
O	L	D				T	H	I	N		A	L	O	N
M	E	S	A			E	A	T		A	G	E	N	T
						F	A	S	H	I	O	N	E	D
P	E	D	A	N	T		C	A	T		A	C	T	S
L	A	I	R	D			L	I	K	E		A	R	E
A	S	A				B	I	A	S		H	O	S	E
T	E	N	T			Y	O	N		P	O	R	T	A
S	L	A	P			E	N	S		S	W	E	E	T



How old fashioned!

Mrs. H. M. Miller
109 Alexander St.
Warren, Pa.

For explanation:

Grandma tries to keep in style
But finds she's missed it by a mile.

Blanche Leiby
425 Hazle Street
Tamaqua, Pa.

For explanation: A study in different degrees of quaintness.

Mrs. B. Macnee
97 Ragot Street
Kingston, Ont., Can.

For explanation: "Times do change!"

Thomas R. Akers
782 West Hamburg St.
Baltimore, Md.

For explanation: Granny's habit attracts attention.

He was a stout man with large, broad feet, and although several pairs of boots were shown to him, he refused to choose any of them.

"I must have square toes," he explained to the bootshop assistant.

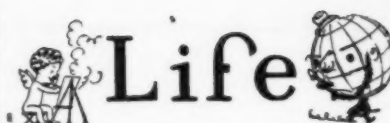
The young man sighed wearily.

"But square toes are not stocked now, sir," he replied. "Pointed toes are absolutely fashionable this season."

The stout man gave him an angry stare.

"That may be," he retorted, "but I happen to be wearing last season's feet."

—Answers.



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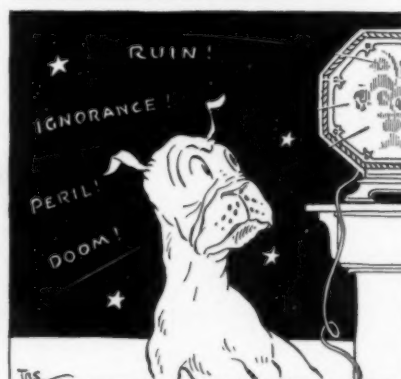
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Poetical Pete.

I'm not impressed, as once I was,
By argument emphatic;
I've found that folks who know their bones
Don't often get dogmatic.



WHAT
FINER
GIFT?

New Convenient
Solid Leather

Also Hamley Kits for
both soft and stiff collars
with room for handker-
chiefs, cravats, etcetera.

HAMLEY KIT

WHY pay good money for kits of flimsy or imitation leathers pasted on cardboard stiffening—or kits made of poorly tanned, artificially grained leathers? Compare a Hamley Kit with any toilet case regardless of price! This Kit is made of the best unadulterated solid leather money can buy. Thousands in use, hundreds of letters of praise on file. No loops—no gadgets—no packing. Simply toss your favorite toilet articles into a Hamley Kit and know real travel comfort. 5 sizes; in cowhide and both russet and black pigskin—\$6 to \$15. At all good stores. If not conveniently available send for catalog. HAMLEY & CO.—Saddlemakers Since 1883—500 Court St., Pendleton, Oregon.

Be sure the Kit you buy has the Hamley name and cowboy saddle mark on the bottom.

HAMLEY KIT
MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE
OF GENUINE *Solid Leather*

Answers to Anagrams

On page 23

- (1) Ravines.
- (2) Ransom.
- (3) Malingers.
- (4) Scepter.
- (5) Veteran.

A writer declares that the flamingo enjoys standing in water for hours at a time. We should like to point out to our plumber that that is one of the differences between us and the flamingo.

—The Humorist.

Golf Clubs
BTN
BEST IN GOLF

BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO., SPRINGDALE, CONN.
Pacific Coast Dist. Curley-Bates Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle... Leading Pros and shops sell the BTN Line

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 25)

RECORDS

BRUNSWICK

"EGYPTIAN-ELLA"—Harry Reser and The Six Jumping Jacks. Well played comics about a great big gal in a great big way. and

"I'M THE LAST ONE LEFT ON THE CORNER"—The same capable six make a good dance tune out of this sentimental ditty.

"WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE"—Ben Bernie and His Orchestra. One of the best releases of this popular number. Effective violin work, especially during vocal chorus. and

"ONE MORE TIME"—The "Maestro" again.

"BY MY SIDE" and

"IF YOU SHOULD EVER NEED ME"—Tom Gerun and His Orchestra. Foxtrots. Good dance record.

COLUMBIA

"WABASH MAN"—Charlie Lawman sings this impressively—you'll like the novelty accompaniment. and

"PRAIRIE SKIES"—Another vocal solo by Charlie, assisted by The Rondoliers.

VICTOR

"BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNERS I LOVE YOU" (The Gang's All Here). and

"I'M ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN" (Ballyhoo)—Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra in a snappy workout. Pleasant vocal choruses and the trumpet player in rare form.

"WE'LL BE THE SAME" and

"I'VE GOT FIVE DOLLARS" (both from *America's Sweetheart*)—Victor Arden-Phil Ohman and Their Orchestra, with a minimum amount of two-piano work. Frank Luther sings the clever lyrics.

SHEET MUSIC

"It Must Be True" (No show)

"I've Found What I Wanted In You" (No show)

"Who's In Your Arms Tonight" (No show)

"Thrill Me" (No show)

"Sunshine And Shadows" (No show)

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.



PICKLED VISITOR: Gosh! This television certainly is something!



It's go-as-you-please and do-what-you-wish in Glacier Park! Here's the Old West—carefree, informal. Come climb a switch-back trail, a glacier, or a mile-high peak—swim, fish, hike, golf, dream, worship the sun—get a close-up of Nature from bus, launch, or saddle. Just let your fancy guide you! Write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul, about Escorted Tours.

The New
EMPIRE BUILDER
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ORIENTAL LIMITED



WHEELER "PLAYMATES"

A Glorious Summer on the Water

Created under the personal vigilance of the Wheeler family and distinguished for their rugged and perfect construction, smart lines and magic responsiveness, Wheeler "Playmates" afford the pleasure-loving sportsman a summer of uninterrupted happiness. No other boat is so faultlessly equipped for comfort; in no other boat will you experience such a complete sense of security. Twenty-one distinctive models, 22 ft. to 62 ft., at prices from \$2,250 to \$37,500.

Write for Catalog 26

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Relieves Dandruff....
Keeps Hair Neat....
No Undesirable Shine

GLO-CO
Unscented
LIQUID
HAIR-
Dressing



Where the days are
3 months long

Take the
**RAYMOND-WHITCOMB
NORTH CAPE CRUISE**

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LANDS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN
FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY
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Sail with Raymond-Whitcomb, June 30, on the Cunard liner, "*Carinthia*," for five leisurely weeks of cruising... with visits to Iceland—to the beautiful Norwegian Fjords—to Trondhjem and Bergen, typical Norwegian cities—to Oslo, Norway's capital—to Stockholm and historic Visby—to Copenhagen and Danzig—to Leningrad and Moscow.

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Remember—the Iceland-North Cape Cruise is essentially a Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise. Raymond-Whitcomb inaugurated it in 1921, and have run it in every succeeding year.

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DIARY OF SYLVIA MCNEELY. *Longmans Green & Co.*, \$1. Personal memoirs of a nine-year-old girl, doubtless the one autobiography this year disclosing only truth. Recommended as a model to be followed by retired generals contemplating long-winded stupidities. Sylvia, you have wrought well. Your succinct story of the passing of grandpa alone worth the price of admission, and your last line "To keep clean and neat" is the last word in feminine technique.

CAN THESE THINGS BE, by George Seldes. *Brewer & Warren*, \$4. The low-down on the high-ups. This able world reporter strips the covers off bed-ridden Europe, showing—to revert to journalism—that the news reports we read are not always what they seem. Undeniably sensational in its "appeal" and in spots of doubtful taste, yet on the whole a good corrective, and certainly exciting enough, even to jaded minds.

EFFECTIVE THINKING, by Joseph Jastrow. *Simon & Schuster*, \$2.50. As a popular psychologist, the author's batting average is very high. He wants us to learn how to think. He thinks that thinking can be acquired by the rules he gives, and admitting that it is possible to learn how to think, his object is to teach us how to control our mental traffic, and doubtless to stop when we see red. Good, able, clear reading. Please follow it with another telling us then how to stop thinking.

CLEOPATRA, A ROYAL VOLUPTUARY, by Oskar Von Wertheimer. *J. P. Lippincott & Co.*, \$5. Not so lively as L. Beck's Laughing Queen, this translation of the work of one of the ablest German scholars is undoubtedly authentic, even if Cleopatra doesn't come on the stage until the play is nearly half over. And they still don't know how she died, as if Shakespeare cared!



THE thrill of boating can only be equaled by the delight which possession of such a smart, fleet and handsomely fitted boat as a Hackercraft will afford. From its gleaming chromium cut-water to its beautifully wrought transom there is an inimitable air of grace and riding poise to a Hackercraft that distinguishes it in any company. From proving its inbuilt worth on the regatta courses of America and Europe it has now come to be recognized as the boat without a peer in thrifty value. Hand built and hand finished, your Hackercraft is the equal of any boat of its size for ruggedness, besides combining such features as smoother riding action, faster getaway, sustained speeds, smarter lines, and lightning-like maneuverability. Write for the Hackercraft Boat Guide to hidden values. 22½ to 38 feet—\$2495 to \$17,000.

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
544 River Drive, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
HACKER CRAFT
AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS

MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, a romance, by Michael Arlen. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2.50. This time it's a Frenchman who relates his adventures in New York, Great Neck and other haunts. Snappy dialogue, epigrammatic description, modernistic love, highly diverting entanglements, high, low, jack the bootlegger, more than a pick-me-up, for it has comedy in it.

PERSONAL MAID, by Grace Perkins. *Covici Friede*, \$2. Fast moving, first person story of a girl who rose from the family ranks and crashed into a billionaire. Double-lived New Yorkers, Yale boy out of luck, other more than shadow shapes shorn of halos, hit off with realistic fidelity by author of ANGEL CHILD.

THE BLACK BOX, a mystery novel by that man M. P. Shiel, who wrote How the Old Woman Got Home. *Vanguard Press*, \$2. Like olives, caviar and spinach, this man's style has to be cultivated, those who like him love him and those who don't, don't. Concerning the "dreadful death" of Sir Patrick O'Connor. Ghostly, weird, inimitable.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Great Minds at Work



Michelangelo was doing magnificent work when almost ninety.

And, puzzling to earnest prohibitionists, in his letter to a nephew he wrote that he would have been unable to continue his hard work had he not drunk several bottles a day of the excellent red wine that the nephew sent him.

True, there are tannin, iron and vitamins in red wine. But how did he overcome the alcohol? And how much longer might he have painted had he known enough to live on ice water, hash, buckwheat cakes and mince pie?

—Arthur Brisbane.

Every performer of jazz music is a missionary for drunkenness, rioting, fighting, and carrying concealed weapons.

—E. W. Howe.

What we need is more emotion in religion. Remember, in the war, when we used to tell the people about the Belgian babies whose hands were cut off by the Germans? I used to do that. That was emotion. That's the sort of thing we need today. Get my thought?

—Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner.

Senator Borah looks just like Beethoven, and is the same sort of lonely idealist.

—Emil Ludwig.

It bludgeons every one of our God-given senses to say that the world is globular. If the earth were round, why the water would slip off.

—Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

I will confess I have been more or less shocked by the reports of the framing of innocent women.

—Mayor James J. Walker.

I am a reputable citizen.

—Al Capone.

Science is always wrong.

—George Bernard Shaw.

There is no bitterness between France and Italy. Mussolini is not for war. He does not want war and is not preparing for it. I find no sentiment for war in Europe at all.

—Frank B. Kellogg.

America is not in the throes of a serious depression.

—Carl Laemmle.

The significance of life is life itself.

—Count Hermann Keyserling.

This is getting to be a funny country—where a man can't give another man a slapping without creating a lot of hubbub.

—Theodore Dreiser.

Paul the Apostle was one of the greatest advertising salesmen who ever lived.

—Grover Whalen.

Everyone knows that the government is not perfect.

—Calvin Coolidge.

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Greater smoke pleasure . . . everyone wants it. And here's the way to have it—with your favorite smoke. *Keep your mouth moist and cool with Beech-Nut Gum.* There's no gum quite so good in flavor and smoothness.

Also in
Spearmint and
Wintergreen flavors

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.



IF YOU SMOKE ♦ ♦ ♦

You'll certainly like the way Squibb Dental Cream refreshes your mouth. It's so clean tasting. It soothes tender tissues and lends new zest to smoking.

And of course you couldn't select a more effective dentifrice, according to dentists, to protect your teeth and gums. Just read the following summary of the answers received from an investigation made by a prominent research institution among 50,000 practicing dentists:

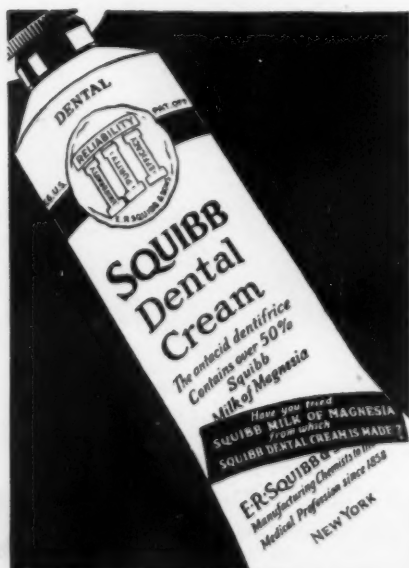
95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

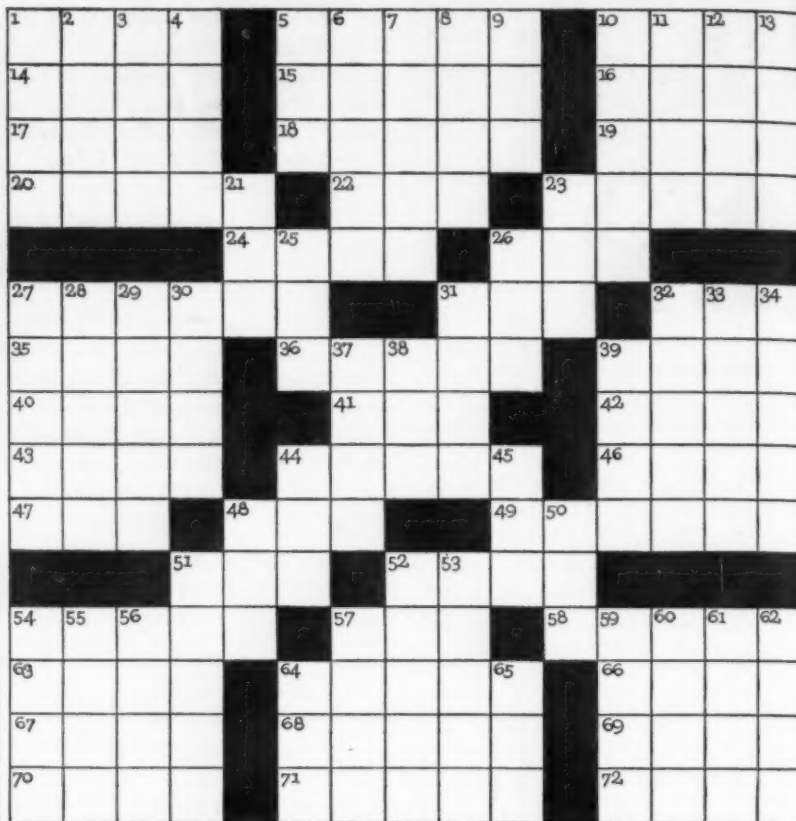
85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. No wonder it's such an effective dentifrice! Squibb's cleans beautifully and safely—contains absolutely no grit or astringent.

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LIFE'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

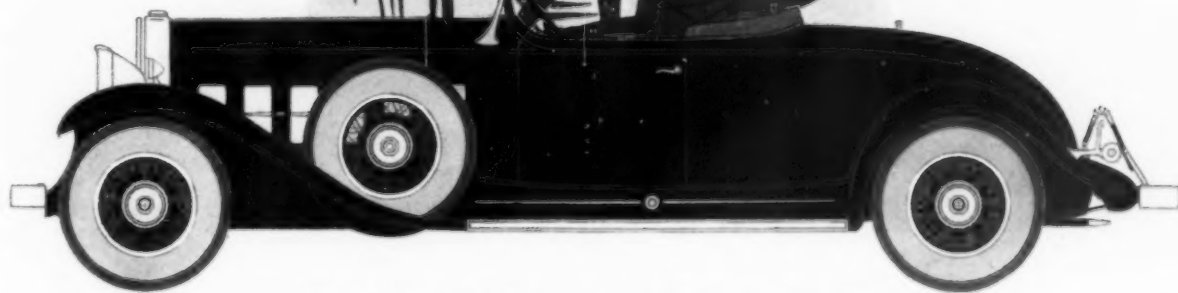
1. It floats.
5. Even a pacifist will fight for this.
10. The way to get over things quickly.
14. This is never pretty.
15. Pale with terror.
16. Very fastidious indeed.
17. This won't hold water.
18. All hot and bothered.
19. Nautical direction.
20. Trouble from all sides.
22. This will hold water.
23. Turkish pavilion.
24. The high sign.
26. Wire measure.
27. This means dinner in Ireland.
31. A great admirer.
32. Pilots are always plotting this.
35. Piece of metal.
36. Masculine ornament.
39. City in Arizona.
40. How to stop unemployment.
41. Fade.
42. Seed covering.
43. This is always hungry.
44. Make a bargain.
46. Something to bet on.
47. A tumor.
48. This is caustic.
49. Highly inflammable stuff.
51. Press this buzzer and you get results.
52. A skylight.
54. He wears convict stripes.
57. A cross word puzzler.
58. What makes a negro's hair curl?
63. Famous pen name.
64. Sheer nonsense.
66. Shifting sands.
67. What David did to Goliath.
68. Somewhat acrobatic.
69. Resort for honeymooners.
70. Mountain lake.
71. Beachcombers.
72. The cause of the wheat surplus.

DOWN

1. This is full of light.
2. S-shaped molding.
3. Exclamation.
4. An unimportant dog.
5. What every motorist needs.
6. Apart.
7. German cavalryman.
8. Create an impression.
9. A boundary point.
10. This fellow is always crawling under his house.
11. Unit of the metric system.
12. Frosts.
13. Look through the keyhole.
21. Mother's darling.
23. One of the family.
25. A noisy crowd.
26. Cuckoo, and how.
27. The same as horse feathers.
28. A fruit.
29. Italian city.
30. This was old when Father was a boy.
31. This is priceless.
32. A cigarette.
33. Clerical cape.
34. Not so rosy.
37. Something on the other fellow.
38. An impressive carriage.
39. This gets all tangled up.
44. Affirmative.
45. Greek letter.
48. A green pasture.
50. Bother.
51. Strong arm stuff.
52. Weighty matter.
53. Delicate fabric.
54. A kind of relish.
55. Feminine name.
56. Catafalque.
57. Hindu ascetic.
59. Caesar's unlucky day.
60. Bare.
61. A joint.
62. Dispatch.
64. Flesh.
65. A pleasant answer.



Illustrated below is Fleetwood's interpretation of the Roadster—mounted on the V-12 chassis. In the smartness of its lines and appointments, no less than in the capabilities of its 12-cylinder power plant—it is one of the most distinguished creations to have borne the Cadillac name. Cadillac V-12 prices range from \$3795, f. o. b. Detroit. G. M. A. C. terms available on all body styles.



To ride in the Cadillac V-12 is to know at once why it is ranked so highly among the fine cars of the world—for the appeal of its 12-cylinder performance is well-nigh irresistible. Even those who are accustomed to the foremost automobiles, are finding in the V-12 a new conception of motoring luxury. In fact, a V-12 demonstration, almost without exception, makes conventional cars seem commonplace.

CADILLAC V⁸₁₂¹⁶

Sunshine *mellows* Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat



The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough



TUNE IN—
The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday
evening over
N.E.C. networks

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